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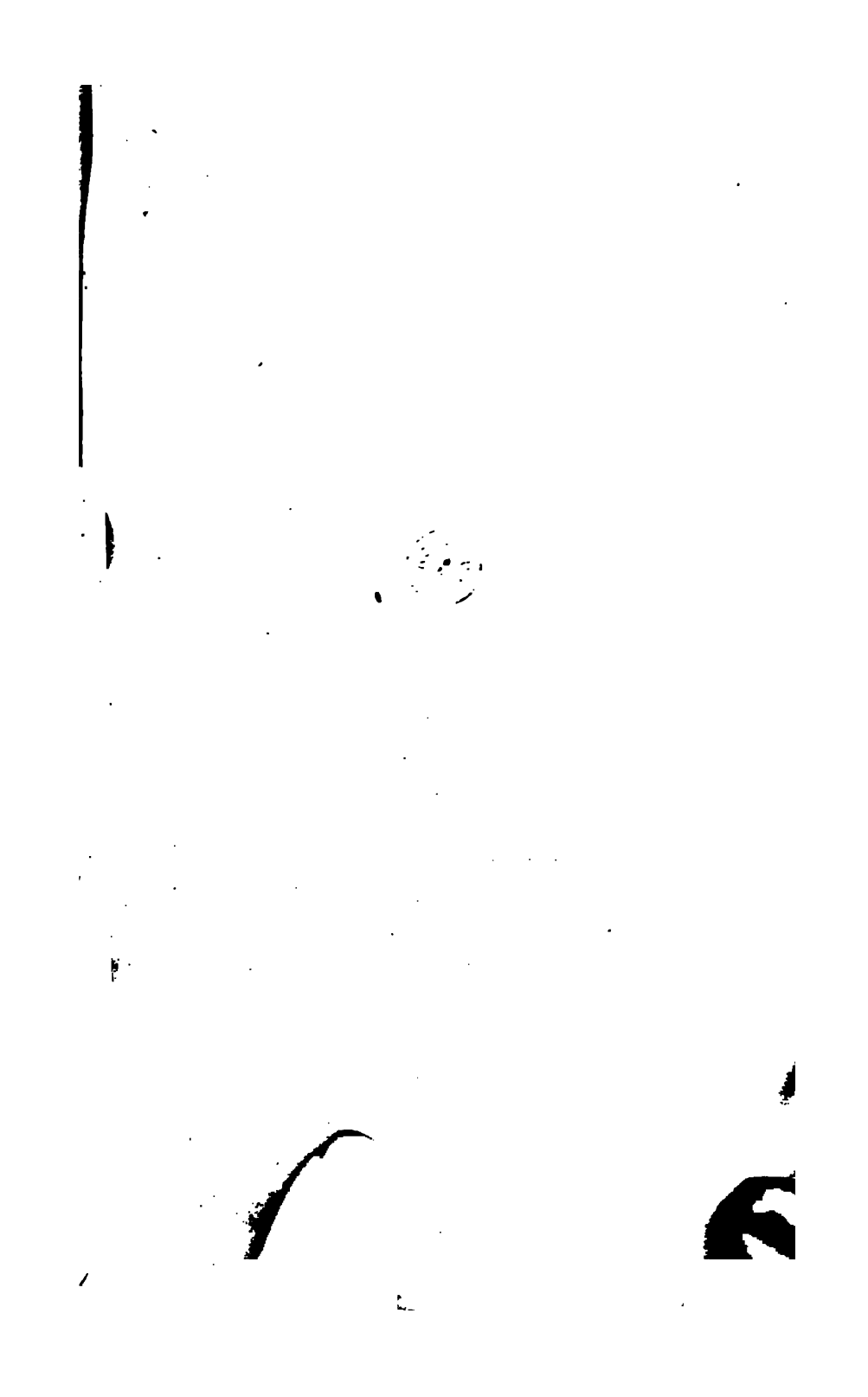


J. Wall inv.t G. V.r Gucht sculp

DIONYSIUS LONGINUS

ON THE

SUBLIME:

Tranſlated from the GREEK, with

NOTES *and* OBSERVATIONS,

AND

Some Account of the LIFE, WRITINGS, and CHARACTER of the AUTHOR.

By WILLIAM SMITH, *A. M.*
Rector of TRINITY in *Cheſter.*

Thee, great Longinus! *all the Nine inſpire,*
And fill their Critic with a Poet's Fire;
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his Truſt,
With Warmth gives Sentence, and is always juſt;
Whoſe own Example ſtrengthens all his Laws,
And is himſelf the great Sublime he draws. Mr. POPE.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected and Improved.

LONDON:
Printed for B. DOD, at the *Bible* and *Key* in *Ave-Mary Lane* near *Stationers-Hall.* MDCCXLIII.

33893
1743

To the Right Honourable

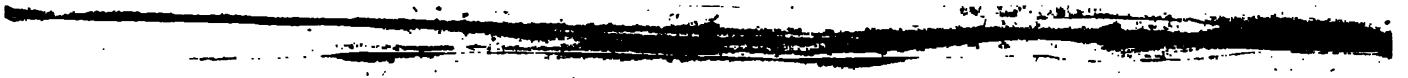
GEORGE

EARL of *MACCLESFIELD*,

Viſcount PARKER *of* EWELME, *and Baron* PARKER *of* MACCLESFIELD.

MY LORD,

THE greateſt Degree of Purity and Splendor united, that LONGINUS has for ſome Ages appeared in, was



UNIV. OF MICH.

DEDICATION.

of paying my Reſpects to Your LORDSHIP, and giving this public Proof, that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient and

moſt humble Servant,

WILLIAM SMITH.

PREFACE.

IT will, without doubt, be expected, that the Reader ſhould be made privy to the Reaſons, upon which this Work was undertaken, and is now made public. The intrinſic Beauty of the Piece itſelf firſt allured me to the Attempt; and a regard for the Public, eſpecially for thoſe who might be unable to read the Original, was the main Inducement to its Publication.

The Treatiſe on the SUBLIME *had ſlept for ſeveral Ages, covered up in the Duſt of Libraries, till the middle of the ſixteenth Century. The firſt* Latin *Verſion by* Gabriel de Petra *was printed at* Geneva *in* 1612. *But the firſt good Tranſlation of it into any modern Language was the* French *one of the famous* Boileau, *which, tho' not always faithful to the Text, yet has an Elegance and a Spirit, which few will ever be able to equal, much leſs to ſurpaſs.*

PREFACE.

The preſent Tranſlation was finiſhed, before I knew of any prior Attempt to make Longinus *ſpeak* Engliſh. *The firſt Tranſlation of him I met with, was publiſh'd by Mr.* Welſted *in* 1724. *But I was very much ſurprized, upon a Peruſal, to find it only* Boileau's *Tranſlation miſrepreſented and mangled. For every Beauty is impaired, if not totally effaced, and every Error (even down to thoſe of the Printer) moſt injuriouſly preſerved.*

I have ſince accidentally met with two other Engliſh *Verſions of this Treatiſe; one by* J. Hall *Eſq*; London 1652; *the other without a Name, but printed at* Oxford *in* 1698, *and ſaid in the Title-page to have been compared with the* French *of* Boileau. *I ſaw nothing in either of theſe, which did not yield the greateſt Encouragement to a new Attempt.*

No leſs than nine Years have intervened ſince the finiſhing of this Tranſlation, in which Space it has been frequently reviſed, ſubmitted to the Cenſure of Friends, and amended again and again by a more attentive ſtudy of the Original. The Deſign was, if poſſible, to make it read like an Original: Whether I have ſucceeded in this, the bulk of my Readers may judge; but whether the Tranſlation be good, or come any thing near to the Life, the Spirit, the Energy of Longinus,

is

is a Deciſion peculiar to Men of Learning and Taſte, who alone know the Difficulties which attend ſuch an Undertaking, and will be impartial enough to give the Tranſlator the neceſſary Indulgence.

Longinus *himſelf was never accurately enough publiſhed, nor thoroughly underſtood, till Dr.* Pearce *did him juſtice in his late Editions at* London, *the ſecond eſpecially. My Thanks are due to that Gentleman, not only for his correct Edition, on account of which the whole learned World is indebted to him; but for thoſe Animadverſions and Corrections of this Tranſlation, with which he ſo kindly favoured me. Moſt of the Remarks and Obſervations were drawn up, before I had read his* Latin *Notes.*

I am not the leaſt in pain, about the pertinency of thoſe Inſtances which I have brought from the ſacred Writers, as well as from ſome of the fineſt of our own Country, to illuſtrate the Criticiſms of Longinus. *I am only fearful, leſt among the multiplicity of ſuch as might be had, I may be thought to have omitted ſome of the beſt. I am ſenſible, that what I have done, might be done much better; but if I have the good Fortune to contribute a little, towards the fixing a true judicious Taſte, and enabling my Readers to diſtinguiſh Senſe from Sound, Grandeur from*

Pomp,

Pomp, and the Sublime from Fuſtian and Bombaſt, I ſhall think my Time well ſpent; and ſhall be ready to ſubmit to the Cenſures of a Judge, but ſhall only ſmile at the Snarling of what is commonly called a Critic.

INDEX

OF THE

Sections in LONGINUS.

SECT. I.

THAT Cecilius's *Treatiſe on the Sublime is imperfect, and why.* Page 1

SECT. II.

Whether the Sublime may be learned. 4

SECT. III.

Of Bombaſt. 6

Of Puerilities. 8

Of the Parenthyrſe, *or ill-timed Emotion.* ibid.

SECT. IV.

Of the Frigid. 9

SECT. V.

Whence theſe Imperfections take their Riſe. 12

SECT. VI.

That a Knowledge of the true Sublime is attainable. 13

SECT. VII.

How the Sublime may be known. 14

SECT. VIII.

That there are five Sources of the Sublime. 16

SECT. IX.

Of Elevation of Thought. 18

SECT. X.

That a Choice and Connexion of proper Circumſtances will produce the Sublime. 27

SECT.

INDEX.

SECT. XXXIX.

Of Compoſition or Structure of Words. 92

SECT. XL.

Of apt Connexion of the conſtituent Parts of Diſcourſe. 95

SECT. XLI.

That broken and precipitate Meaſures debaſe the Sublime. 97

That Words of ſhort Syllables are prejudicial to the Sublime. ibid.

SECT. XLII.

That Contraction of Stile diminiſhes the Sublime. 98

SECT. XLIII.

That low Terms blemiſh the Sublime. ibid.

SECT. XLIV.

The Scarcity of ſublime Writers accounted for. 102

INDEX of AUTHORS

Mention'd by *Longinus*.

A.

ÆSchylus. Pag. 42, 43
Ammonius. 37
Amphicrates. 7
Anacreon. 71
Apollonius. 80
Aratus. 30, 64
Archilochus. 31, 37
Arimaſpians, *Author of the Poem on the.* 29
Ariſtophanes. 96
Ariſtotle. 73

B.

Bacchylides. 80

C.

CEcilius. 1, 2, 17, 71, 73, 77
Calliſthenes. 7
Cicero. 34
Clitarchus. 7

D.

DEmoſthenes. 5, 31, 34, 38, 44, 46, 47, 49, 51, 52, 55, 59, 62, 66, 73, 81, 86, 94.

E.

ERatoſthenes. 80
Eupolis. 48
Euripides. 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 96

G.

Gorgias *the* Leontine. 7

H.

HEcatæus, 66
Hegeſias. 7
Herodotus, 12, 37, 58, 62, 64, 69, 72, 90, 98,
Heſiod. 20, 38
Homer. 11, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 37, 38, 41, 54, 64, 65, 67, 79
Hyperides. 45, 81

INDEX.

I

IO *the* Chian 80, 81
Iſocrates. 56, 89

L.

Lyſias. 77, 78, 81, 84

M.

MAtris. 7
Moſes. 22

P.

PHiliſtus. 96
Phrynicus. 62
Pindar. 80
Plato. 12, 33, 35, 37, 38, 61, 62, 68, 69, 75, 77, 78, 84, 86

S.

SAppho. 27
Simonides. 43
Sophocles. 43, 61, 80, 81
Steſichorus. 37

T.

THeocritus. 80
Theodorus. 8
Theophraſtus. 73
Theopompus. 71, 99
Thucydides. 38, 59, 63, 90
Timæus. 9, 10, 11

X.

Xenophon. 11, 54, 63, 68, 74, 102

Z.

Zoilus. 26

Some

Some ACCOUNT of the

Life, Writings, and *Character*

OF

LONGINUS.

THERE is no part of Hiſtory more agreeable in itſelf, nor more improving to the Mind, than the Lives of thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the Herd of Mankind, and ſet themſelves up to public Regard. A particular Tribute of Admiration is always due, and is generally paid to the Heroe, the Philoſopher, and the Scholar. It requires indeed a ſtrength of Underſtanding and a ſolidity of Judgment, to diſtinguiſh thoſe Actions, which are truly great, from ſuch as have only the Shew and Appearance of it. The Noiſe of Victories and the Pomp of Triumphs are apt to make deeper Impreſſions on common

Minds, than the calm and even Labours of Men of a ſtudious and philoſophical Turn, tho' the latter are, for the moſt part, more commendable in themſelves and more uſeful to the World. The Imagination of the bulk of Mankind is more alive than their Judgment: Hence *Cæſar* is more admired for the part he acted in the Plains of *Pharſalia*, than for the Recollection of his Mind the Night after the Victory, by which he armed himſelf againſt the Inſolence of Succeſs, and formed Reſolutions of forgiving his Enemies, and triumphing more by Clemency and Mildneſs, than he had before by his Courage and his Arms. Deeds which we can only admire, are not ſo fit for ſedate Contemplation, as thoſe which we may alſo imitate. We may not be able to plan or execute a Victory with the *Scipio's* and *Cæſars*, but we may improve and fortify our Underſtandings, by inſpecting their Scenes of Study and Reflexion; we may apply the Contemplations of the Wiſe to private uſe, ſo as to make our Paſſions obedient to our Reaſon, our Reaſon productive of inward Tranquillity, and ſometimes of real and ſubſtantial Advantage to all our Fellow-creatures.

Such

Such Remarks as the preceding can be no improper Introduction to whatever may be collected concerning the Life of our Author. It will turn out at beſt but dark and imperfect, yet opens into two principal Views, which may prove of double uſe to a thoughtful and conſiderate Reader. As a Writer of a refined and poliſh'd Taſte, of a ſound and penetrating Judgment, it will lead him to ſuch methods of thinking, as are the innocent and embelliſhing Amuſements of Life; as a Philoſopher of enlarged and generous Sentiments, a Friend to Virtue, a ſteddy Champion and an intrepid Martyr for Liberty, it will teach him, that nothing can be great and glorious, which is not juſt and good; and that the Dignity of what we utter, and what we act, depends entirely on the Dignity of our Thoughts, and the inward Grandeur and Elevation of the Soul.

Searching for the particular Paſſages and Incidents of the Life of *Longinus*, is like travelling now-a-days thro' thoſe Countries in which it was ſpent. We meet with nothing but continual Scenes of Devaſtation and Ruin. In one place, a beautiful Spot ſmiling through the Bounty of Nature, yet over-run with Weeds and Thorns for want of Culture, preſents itſelf to view; in another, a Pile of Stones ly-

ing in the ſame Confuſion in which they fell, with here and there a nodding Wall; and ſometimes a curious Pillar ſtill erect, excites the ſorrowful Remembrance of what noble Edifices and how fine a City once crown'd the Place. Tyrants and Barbarians are not leſs pernicious to Learning and Improvement, than to Cities and Nations. Bare Names are preſerved and handed down to us, but little more. Who were the Deſtroyers of all the reſt, we know with Regret, but the Value of what is deſtroyed, we can only gueſs and deplore.

Suidas. J. Jonſius. *Dr.* Pearce.

What Countryman *Longinus* was, cannot certainly be diſcovered. Some fancy him a *Syrian*, and that he was born at *Emiſa*, becauſe an Uncle of his, one *Fronto* a Rhetorician, is called by *Suidas* an *Emiſenian*. But others, with greater probability, ſuppoſe him an *Athenian*. That he was a *Grecian*, is plain from two * Paſſages in the following Treatiſe; in one of which he uſes this Expreſſion, *If we* Grecians; and in the other he expreſsly calls *Demoſthenes* his Countryman. His Name was *Dionyſius Longinus*, to which *Suidas* makes the addition of *Caſſius*; but that of his Father is entirely unknown; a Point

* *See* Sect. XII.

Point (it is true) of ſmall importance, ſince a Son of Excellence and Worth, reflects a Glory upon, inſtead of receiving any from, his Father. By his Mother *Frontonis* he was allied, after two or three Removes, to the celebrated *Plutarch*. We are alſo at a loſs for the Employment of his Parents, their Station in Life, and the beginning of his Education; but a * Remnant of his own Writings informs us, that his Youth was ſpent in travelling with them, which gave him an opportunity to increaſe his Knowledge, and open his Mind with that generous Enlargement, which Men of Senſe and Judgment will unavoidably receive, from variety of Objects and diverſity of Converſation. The Improvement of his Mind was always uppermoſt in his Thoughts, and his Thirſt after Knowledge led him to thoſe Channels, by which it is convey'd. Wherever Men of Learning were to be found, he was preſent, and loſt no Opportunity of forming a Familiarity and Intimacy with them. *Ammonius* and *Origen*, Philoſophers of no ſmall Reputation in that Age, were two of thoſe, whom he viſited and heard with the greateſt Attention. As he was not deficient in Vivacity of Parts, Quickneſs of Apprehenſion,

* Fragment. quintum.

and Strength of Underſtanding, the Progreſs of his Improvement muſt needs have been equal to his Induſtry and Diligence in ſeeking after it. He was capable of learning whatever he deſired, and no doubt he deſired to learn whatever was commendable and uſeful.

The Travels of *Longinus* ended with his Arrival at *Athens*, where he fix'd his Reſidence. This City was then, and had been for ſome Ages, the Univerſity of the World. It was the conſtant Reſort of all, who were able to teach, or willing to improve; the grand and laſting Reſervoir of Philoſophy and Learning, from whence were drawn every Rivulet and Stream, that watered and cultivated the reſt of the World. Here our Author purſued the Studies of Humanity and Philoſophy with the greateſt Application, and ſoon became the moſt remarkable Perſon in a Place ſo remarkable as *Athens*. Here he publiſhed his Treatiſe on the SUBLIME, which raiſed his Reputation to ſuch a height, as no Critic, either before or ſince, durſt ever aſpire to. He was a perfect Maſter of the ancient Writings of *Greece*, and intimately acquainted, not only with the Works, but the very Genius and Spirit with which they were written. His Contemporaries there had ſuch an implicit Faith

in

in his Judgment, and were ſo well convinced of the Perfection of his Taſte, that they appointed him Judge of all the ancient Authors, and learned to diſtinguiſh between the genuine and ſpurious Productions of Antiquity, from his Opinions and Sentiments about them. He was looked upon by them as infallible and unerring, and therefore by his Decrees were fine Writing and fine Senſe eſtabliſhed, and his Sentence ſtamped its intrinſic Value upon every Piece. The entruſting any one Perſon with ſo delicate a Commiſſion is an extraordinary Inſtance of Complaiſance. It is without a Precedent in every Age before, and unparallell'd in any of the ſucceeding, as it is fit it ſhould, till another *Longinus* ſhall ariſe. But in regard to him, it does honour to thoſe who lodged it in his Hands. For no claſſic Writer ever ſuffered in Character from an erroneous Cenſure of *Longinus*. He was, as I obſerved before, a perfect Maſter of the Stile and peculiar turn of Thought of them all, and could diſcern every Beauty or Blemiſh in every Compoſition. In vain might inferior Critics exclaim againſt this Monopoly of Judgment. Whatever Objections they raiſed againſt it, were mere Air and unregarded Sounds. And whatever they blamed, or what-

ever they commended, was received or rejected by the Public, only as it met with the Eunapius. Approbation of *Longinus*, or was confirmed and ratified by his ſovereign Deciſion.

His ſtay at *Athens* ſeems to have been of long continuance, and that City perhaps had never enjoyed ſo able a Profeſſor of fine Learning, Eloquence, and Philoſophy united. Whilſt he taught here, he had, amongſt others, the famous *Porphiry* for his Pupil. The Syſtem of Philoſophy, which he went upon, was the Academic, for whoſe Founder, *Plato*, he had ſo great a Veneration, that he celebrated the Anniverſary of his Birth with the higheſt Solemnity. There is ſomething agreeable even in the diſtant Fancy; how delightful then muſt thoſe Reflections have been, which could not but ariſe in the Breaſt of *Longinus*, that he was explaining and recommending the Doctrine of *Plato* in thoſe calm Retreats, where he himſelf had written; that he was teaching his Scholars the Eloquence of *Demoſthenes*, on the very Spot perhaps, where he had formerly thundered; and was profeſſing Rhetoric in the Place, where *Cicero* had ſtudied!

The Mind of our Author was not ſo contracted, as to be fit only for a Life of Still-

neſs

neſs and Tranquillity. Fine Genius, and a true philoſophic Turn, qualify not only for Study and Retirement, but will enable their Owners to ſhine, I will not ſay in more honourable, but, in more conſpicuous Views, and to appear on the public Stage of Life with Dignity and Honour. And it was the Fortune of *Longinus* to be drawn from the contemplative Shades of *Athens*, to mix in more active Scenes, to train up young Princes to Virtue and Glory, to guide the buſy and ambitious Paſſions of the Great to noble Ends, to ſtruggle for, and at laſt to die in the Cauſe of Liberty.

During the Reſidence of *Longinus* at *Athens*, the Emperor *Valerian* had undertaken an Expedition againſt the *Perſians*, who had revolted from the *Roman* Yoke. He was aſſiſted in it by *Odenathus* King of *Palmyra*, who, after the Death of *Valerian*, carried on the War with uncommon Spirit and Succeſs. *Gallienus*, who ſucceeded his Father *Valerian* at *Rome*, being a Prince of a weak and effeminate Soul, of the moſt diſſolute and abandon'd Manners, without any Shadow of Worth in himſelf, was willing to get a Support in the Valour of *Odenathus*, and therefore he made him his Partner in Empire. Trebellius Pollio.

Empire by the Title of *Auguſtus*, and decreed his Medals, ſtruck in honour of the *Perſian* Victories, to be current Coin throughout the Empire. *Odenathus*, ſays an Hiſtorian, ſeemed born for the Empire of the World, and would probably have riſen to it, had he not been taken off, in a Career of Victory, by the Treachery of his own Relations. His Abilities were ſo great, and his Actions ſo illuſtrious, that they were above the competition of every Perſon then alive, except his own Wife *Zenobia*, a Lady of ſo extraordinary Magnanimity and Virtue, that ſhe outſhone even her Husband, and engroſſed the Attention and Admiration of the World. She was deſcended from the ancient Race of *Ptolemy* and *Cleopatra*, and had all thoſe Qualifications, which are the Ornament of her own, and the Glory of the other Sex. A Miracle of Beauty, but chaſte to a Prodigy: in puniſhing the Bad, inflexibly ſevere; in rewarding the Good or relieving the Diſtreſſed, benevolent and active. Splendid, but not profuſe; and generous without Prodigality. Superior to the Toils and Hardſhips of War, ſhe was generally on Horſeback; and would ſometimes march on foot with her Soldiers. She was ſkilled in ſeveral Languages, and is ſaid to have

have drawn up herſelf an Epitome of the *Alexandrian* and *Oriental* Hiſtory.

The great Reputation of *Longinus* had been wafted to the Ears of *Zenobia*, who prevailed upon him to quit *Athens*, and undertake the Education of her Sons. He quickly gained an uncommon ſhare in her Eſteem, as ſhe found him not only qualified to form the tender Minds of the young, but to improve the Virtue, and enlighten the Underſtanding of the aged. In his Converſation ſhe ſpent the vacant Hours of her Life, modelling her Sentiments by his Inſtructions, and ſteering herſelf by his Counſels in the whole Series of her Conduct, and in carrying on that Plan of Empire, which ſhe herſelf had formed, which her Husband *Odenathus* had begun to execute, but had left imperfect. The number of Competitors, who, in the vicious and ſcandalous Reign of *Gallienus*, ſet up for the Empire, but with Abilities far inferior to thoſe of *Zenobia*, gave her an Opportunity to extend her Conqueſts, by an uncommon Tide of Succeſs, over all the Eaſt. *Claudius*, who ſucceeded *Gallienus* at *Rome*, was employed, during his whole Reign, which was very ſhort, againſt the Northern Nations. Their Reduction was afterwards compleated by *Aurelian*, the greateſt

eſt Soldier that had for a long Time worn the imperial Purple. He then turned his Arms againſt *Zenobia*, being ſurprized as well at the rapidity of her Conqueſts, as enraged that ſhe had dared to aſſume the Title of *Queen of the Eaſt*.

Vopiſcus. Zoſimus. He marched againſt her with the beſt of his Forces, and met with no Check in his Expedition, till he was advanced as far as *Antioch*. *Zenobia* was there in readineſs to oppoſe his further Progreſs. But the Armies coming to an Engagement at *Daphne* near *Antioch*, ſhe was defeated by the good Conduct of *Aurelian*, and leaving *Antioch* at his Mercy, retired with her Army to *Emiſa*. The Emperor marched immediately after, and found her ready to give him battle in the Plains before the City. The Diſpute was ſharp and bloody on both Sides, till at laſt the Victory inclined a ſecond time to *Aurelian*; and the unfortunate *Zenobia*, not daring to confide in the *Emiſenians*, was again compelled to retire towards her capital *Palmyra*. As the Town was ſtrongly fortified, and the Inhabitants full of Zeal for her Service, and Affection for her Perſon, ſhe made no Doubt of defending herſelf here, in ſpite of the warmeſt Efforts of *Aurelian*, till ſhe could raiſe

raiſe new Forces, and venture again into the open Field. *Aurelian* was not long behind, his Activity impelled him forwards, to crown his former Succeſs, by compleating the Conqueſt of *Zenobia*. His March was terribly harraſſed by the frequent Attacks of the *Syrian* Banditti; and when he came up, he found *Palmyra* ſo ſtrongly fortified and ſo bravely defended, that tho' he inveſted it with his Army, yet the Siege was attended with a thouſand Difficulties. His Army was daily weakened and diſpirited by the gallant Reſiſtance of the *Palmyrenians*, and his own Life ſometimes in the utmoſt Danger. Tired at laſt with the Obſtinacy of the beſieged, and almoſt worn out by continued Fatigues, he ſent *Zenobia* a written Summons to ſurrender, as if his Words could ſtrike Terror into her, whom by force of Arms he was unable to ſubdue.

Aurelian, *Emperor of the* Roman *World, and Recoverer of the* Eaſt, *to* Zenobia *and her Adherents.*

"Why am I forced to command, what "you ought voluntarily to have done already? "I charge you to ſurrender, and thereby a-

"void

" void the certain Penalty of Death, which
" otherwiſe attends you. You, *Zenobia*,
" ſhall ſpend the remainder of your Life,
" where I, by the Advice of the moſt ho-
" nourable Senate, ſhall think proper to place
" you. Your Jewels, your Silver, your Gold,
" your fineſt Apparel, your Horſes, and your
" Camels, you ſhall reſign to the Diſpoſal of
" the *Romans*, in order to preſerve the *Pal-*
" *myrenians* from being diveſted of all their
" former Privileges."

Zenobia, not in the leaſt affrighted by the Menace, nor ſoothed by the cruel Promiſe of a Life in Exile and Obſcurity, reſolved by her Anſwer to convince *Aurelian*, that he ſhould find the ſtouteſt Reſiſtance from her, whom he thought to frighten into Compliance. This Anſwer was drawn up by *Longinus* in a Spirit peculiar to himſelf, and worthy of his Miſtreſs.

Zenobia, *Queen of the* Eaſt, *to the Emperor* Aurelian.

" Never was ſuch an unreaſonable Demand
" propoſed, or ſuch rigorous Terms offered
" by any, but yourſelf. Remember, *Aurelian*,
" that

" that in War, whatever is done, ſhould be
" done by Valour. You imperiouſly com-
" mand me to ſurrender; but can you forget,
" that *Cleopatra* choſe rather to die with the
" Title of Queen, than to live in any infe-
" rior Dignity? We expect Succours from
" *Perſia*; the *Saracens* are arming in our
" Cauſe; even the *Syrian* Banditti, have al-
" ready defeated your Army. Judge what
" you are to expect from a Conjunction of
" theſe Forces. You ſhall be compelled to a-
" bate that Pride, with which, as if you were
" abſolute Lord of the Univerſe, you com-
" mand me to become your Captive."

Aurelian, ſays *Vopiſcus*, had no ſooner read this diſdainful Letter, than he bluſhed (not ſo much with Shame, as) with Indignation. He redoubled his Efforts, inveſted the Town more cloſely than ever, and kept it in continual Alarms. No Art was left untried, which the Conduct of a General could ſuggeſt, or the Bravery of angry Soldiers could put in Execution. He intercepted the Aid, which was marching from *Perſia* to their Relief. He reduced the *Saracen* and *Armenian* Forces, either by Strength of Arms, or the Subtilty of Intrigues; till at length, the *Palmyrenians*, de-

 prived

prived of all proſpect of Relief, and worn out by continual Aſſaults from without, and by Famine within, were obliged to open the Gates and receive their Conqueror. The Queen and *Longinus* could not tamely ſtay to put on their Chains. Mounted on the ſwifteſt Camels, they endeavoured to fly into *Perſia*, to make freſh head againſt *Aurelian*, who, entering the City, was vexed to find his Victory imperfect, and *Zenobia* yet unſubdued. A Body of the ſwifteſt Horſe was immediately diſpatched in purſuit, who overtook and made them Priſoners as they were
Zoſimus. croſſing the *Euphrates*. *Aurelian*, after he had ſettled *Palmyra*, returned to *Emiſa*, whither the Captives were carried after him. He ſat on his Tribunal to receive *Zenobia*, or rather to inſult her. The *Roman* Soldiers throng around her, and demand her Death with inceſſant Shouts. *Zenobia* now was no longer herſelf; the former Greatneſs of her Spirit quite ſunk within her; ſhe owned a Maſter, and pleaded for her Life. "Her "Counſellors, ſhe ſaid, were to be blamed, "and not herſelf. What could a weak "ſhort-ſighted Woman do, when beſet by "artful and ambitious Men, who made her "ſubſervient to all their Schemes? She ne-

"ver

"ver had aimed at Empire, had they not "placed it before her Eyes in all its Allure-"ments. The Letter which affronted *Aure-*"*lian*, was not her own; *Longinus* wrote it, "the Inſolence was his." This was no ſooner heard, than *Aurelian*, who was Soldier enough to conquer, but not Heroe enough to for-give, poured all his Vengeance on the Head of *Longinus*. He was borne away to imme-diate Execution, amidſt the generous Con-dolence of thoſe, who knew his Merit, and admired the inward Generoſity of his Soul. He pity'd *Zenobia*, and comforted his Friends. He looked upon Death as a Bleſſing, ſince it reſcued his Body from Slavery, and gave his Soul the moſt deſirable Freedom. "This "World, ſaid he with his expiring Breath, "is nothing but a Priſon; happy therefore "he, who gets ſooneſt out of it, and gains his "Liberty."

The Writings of *Longinus* are numerous, ſome on philoſophical, but the greateſt part on critical Subjects. Dr. *Pearce* has collected the Titles of twenty-five Treatiſes, none of which, except this on the Sublime, have eſcaped from the Depredations of Time and Barbarians. And even this is reſcued as from a Wreck, damaged too much and ſhatter'd

by the Storm. Yet on this little and imperfect Piece has the Fame of *Longinus* been founded and erected. The Learned and Judicious have beſtowed extraordinary Commendation upon it. *The golden Treatiſe* is its general Title. It is one of thoſe valuable Remnants of Antiquity, of which enough remains to engage our Admiration, and excite an earneſt Regret for every Particle of it that has periſhed. It reſembles thoſe mutilated Statues, which are ſometimes dug out of Ruins. Limbs are broke off, which it is not in the Power of any living Artiſt to replace, becauſe the fine Proportion and delicate Finiſhing of the Trunk excludes all hope of equalling ſuch maſterly Performances. From a conſtant Inſpection and cloſe Study of ſuch an antique Fragment at *Rome*, *Michael Angelo* learnt to execute and to teach the Art of Sculpture; it was therefore called *Michael Angelo's School.* The ſame uſe may be made of this imperfect Piece on the Sublime, ſince it is a noble School for Critics, Poets, Orators, and Hiſtorians.

"The Sublime, ſays *Longinus*, is an Image "reflected from the inward Greatneſs of the "Soul." The Remark is refined and juſt; and who more deſerving than he of its Application?

plication? Let his Sentiments be conſidered as Reflexions from his own Mind, let this Piece on the Sublime be regarded as the Picture of its Author. It is pity we have not a larger Pourtrait of him; but as that cannot be had, we muſt take up at preſent with this incompleat, tho' beautiful Miniature. The Features are graceful, the Air is noble, the Colouring lively enough, to ſhew how fine it was, and how many Qualifications are neceſſary to form the Character of a Critic with Dignity and Applauſe.

Elevation of Thought, the greateſt Qualification requiſite to an Orator or Poet, is equally neceſſary to a Critic, and is the moſt ſhining Talent in *Longinus*. Nature had implanted the Seeds of it within him, which he himſelf improved and nurſed up to Perfection, by an Intimacy with the greateſt and ſublimeſt Writers. Whenever he has *Homer* in view, he catches his Fire, and increaſes the Light and Ardor of it. *The Space between Heaven and Earth* marks out the Extent of the Poet's Genius; but the World itſelf ſeems too narrow a Confinement for that of the Critic *. And tho' his Thoughts are ſometimes ſtretched to an immeaſurable

* *See* Sect. IX.

meaſurable Size, yet they are always great without Swelling, bold without Raſhneſs, far beyond what any other could or durſt have ſaid, and always proper and judicious.

As his Sentiments are noble and lofty, ſo his Stile is maſterly, enlivened by Variety, and flexible with Eaſe. There is no Beauty pointed out by him in any other, which he does not imitate, and frequently excel, whilſt he is making Remarks upon it. How he admires and improves upon *Homer*, has been hinted already. When *Plato* is his Subject, the Words glide along in a ſmooth, and eaſy, and peaceable Flow. When he ſpeaks of *Hyperides*, he copies at once his engaging Manner, the Simplicity, Sweetneſs and Harmony of his Stile. With *Demoſthenes* he is vehement, abrupt, and diſorderly regular; he dazles with his Lightning, and terrifies with his Thunder. When he parallels the *Greek* with the *Roman* Orator, he ſhews in two Periods the diſtinguiſhing Excellencies of each; the firſt is a very Hurricane, which bears down all before it; the laſt, a Conflagration, gentle in its Beginning, gradually diſperſed, increaſing and getting to ſuch a Head, as to rage beyond Reſiſtance,

ance, and devour all Things. His Senſe is every where the very thing he would expreſs, and the Sound of his Words is an Echo to his Senſe.

His Judgment is exact and impartial, both in what he blames and what he commends. The Sentence he pronounces is founded upon, and ſupported by Reaſons, which are ſatisfactory and juſt. His Approbation is not attended with Fits of ſtupid Admiration, or Gaping, like an Ideot, at ſomething ſurpriſing which he cannot comprehend; nor are his Cenſures fretful and waſpiſh. He ſtings, like the Bee, what actually annoys him, but carries Honey along with him, which, if it heals not the Wound, yet aſſuages the Smart.

His Candor is extenſive as his Judgment. The Penetration of the one obliged him to reprove what was amiſs; the ſecret Workings of the other biaſs him to excuſe or extenuate it, in the beſt manner he is able. Whenever he lays open the Faults of a Writer, he forgets not to mention the Qualities he had, which were deſerving of Praiſe. Where *Homer* ſinks into Trifles, he cannot help reproving him; but tho' *Homer* nods ſometimes, he is *Homer* ſtill; excelling

all the World when broad awake, and in his Fits of Drowſineſs dreaming like a God.

The Good-nature alſo of *Longinus* muſt not paſs without notice. He bore an Averſion to the Sneers and Cavils of thoſe, who, unequal to the weighty Province of Criticiſm, abuſe it, and become its Nuſance. He frequently takes Pains to ſhew, how miſplaced their Animadverſions are, and to defend the Injured from Aſperſions. There is an Inſtance of this in his Vindication of *Theopompus* from the Cenſure of *Cecilius* *. He cannot endure to ſee what is right in that Author, perverted into Error; nor where he really errs, will he ſuffer him to paſs unreproved †. Yet here his Good-nature exerts itſelf again, and he propoſes divers Methods of amending what is wrong.

The Judgment and Candor and Impartiality, with which *Longinus* declares his Sentiments of the Writings of others, will, I am perſuaded, riſe in our Eſteem, when we reflect on that exemplary piece of Juſtice he has done to *Moſes*. The manner of his quoting that celebrated Paſſage § from him, is as honourable to the Critic, as the Quotation itſelf to the *Jewiſh* Legiſlator. Whether

* Sect. XXXI. † Sect. XLIII. § Sect. IX.

ther he believed the *Moſaic* Hiſtory of the Creation, is a Point, in which we are not in the leaſt concerned; but it was plainly his Opinion, that tho' it be condeſcendingly ſuited to the finite Conception of Man, yet it is related in a manner not inconſiſtent with the Majeſty of God. To contend, as ſome do, that he never read *Moſes*, is trifling, or rather litigious. The *Greek* Tranſlation had been diſperſed, throughout the *Roman* Empire, long before the Time in which he lived; and no Man of a ſerious, much leſs of a philoſophical Turn, could reject it, as unworthy a peruſal. Beſides, *Zenobia*, according to the Teſtimony of *Photius* *, was a *Jewiſh* Convert. And I have ſomewhere ſeen it mentioned from *Bellarmine*, that ſhe was a Chriſtian; but as I am a Stranger to the Reaſons, on which he founds the Aſſertion, I ſhall lay no Streſs upon it.

But there is ſtrong probability, that *Longinus* was not only acquainted with the Writings of the Old Teſtament, but with thoſe alſo of the New, ſince to a Manuſcript of the latter in the *Vatican* Library, there is prefixed a Paſſage from ſome of this Author's Writings, which is preſerved there, as an Inſtance of his Judgment. He is drawing up a Liſt of the greateſt Orators, and at the cloſe he ſays, "*And further*, Paul

* *Prefixed to* Hudſon's Longinus.

" *of* Tarſus, *the chief Supporter of an Opinion* " *not yet eſtabliſhed.*" *Fabricius*, I own, has been ſo officiouſly kind as to attribute theſe Words to Chriſtian Forgery †, but for what Reaſons I cannot conjecture. If for any of real Weight and Importance, certainly he ought not to have concealed them from the World.

If *Longinus* ever ſaw any of the Writings of St. *Paul*, he could not but entertain an high Opinion of him. Such a Judge muſt needs applaud ſo maſterly an Orator. For where is the Writer that can vye with him in ſublime and pathetic Eloquence? *Demoſthenes* could rouſe up the *Athenians* againſt *Philip*, and *Cicero* ſtrike Shame and Confuſion into the Breaſts of *Anthony* or *Catiline*; and did not the Eloquence of St. *Paul*, tho' bound in degrading Fetters, make the oppreſſive, the abandon'd *Felix* tremble, and almoſt perſuade *Agrippa*, in ſpite of all his Prejudice, to be a Chriſtian? *Homer* after his Death was looked upon as more than human, and Temples were erected to his Honour; and was not St. *Paul* admired as a God, even whilſt he was on Earth, when the Inhabitants of *Lyſtra* would have ſacrificed to him? Let his Writings be examined and judged by the ſevereſt Teſt of the ſevereſt Critics, and they cannot be found deficient; nay, they will appear more a-

† Bibliotheca Græca, l. 4. c. 31. bundantly

bundantly ſtocked with ſublime and pathetic Thoughts, with ſtrong and beautiful Figures, with nervous and elegant Expreſſions, than any other Compoſition in the World.

But, to leave this Digreſſion. It is a Remark of Sir *William Temple*, that no pure *Greek* was written after the Reign of the *Antonini*. But the Diction of *Longinus*, tho' leſs pure than that of *Ariſtotle*, is elegant and nervous, the Conciſeneſs or Diffuſeneſs of his Periods being always ſuited to the nature of his Subject. The Terms he uſes are generally ſo ſtrong and expreſſive, and ſometimes ſo artfully compounded, that they cannot be rendered into another Language without wide Circumlocution. He has a high and maſculine turn of Thought, unknown to any other Writer, which inforced him to give all poſſible Strength and Energy to his Words, that his Language might be properly adjuſted to his Senſe, and the Sublimity of the latter be uniformly ſupported by the Grandeur of the former.

But further, there appears not in him the leaſt Shew or Affectation of Learning, tho' his Stock was wonderfully large, yet without any Prejudice to the brightneſs of his Fancy. Some Writers are even profuſe of their Commendations of him in this reſpect. For how extenſive muſt his Reading have been, to deſerve thoſe Appellations given

given him by *Eunapius*, that he was a *living Library*, and a *walking Muſæum?* Large Reading, without a due balance of Judgment, is like a voracious Appetite with a bad Digeſtion. It breaks out, according to the natural Complexion of different Perſons, either into learned Dulneſs, or a brisk but inſipid Pedantry. In *Longinus*, it was ſo far from palling or extinguiſhing, that on the contrary it ſharpened and enlivened his Taſte. He was not ſo ſurly as to reject the Sentiments of others without Examination, but he had the Wiſdom to ſtick by his own.

Let us pauſe a little here, and conſider what a diſagreeable and ſhocking Contraſt there is, between the Genius, the Taſte, the Candor, the Good-nature, the Generoſity, and Modeſty of *Longinus*, and the Heavineſs, the Dullneſs, the ſnarling and ſneering Temper of modern Critics, who can feaſt on inadvertent Slips, and triumph over what they think a Blunder. His very Rules are ſhining Examples of what they inculcate; his Remarks the very Excellencies he is pointing out. Theirs are often Inverſions of what is right, and ſinking other Men by clogging them with a weight of their own Load. He keeps the ſame majeſtic Pace, or ſoars aloft with his Authors; they are either creeping after, or plunging below them, fitted more by Nature for

for Heroes of a *Dunciad*, than for Judges of fine Senſe and fine Writing. The Buſineſs of a Critic is not, only to find fault, nor to be all Bitterneſs and Gall. Yet ſuch Behaviour, in thoſe who have uſurped the Name, has brought the Office into Scandal and Contempt. An *Eſſay on Criticiſm* appears but once in an Age; and what a tedious Interval is there between *Longinus* and Mr. *Addiſon!*

Having traced our Author thus far as a Critic, we muſt view him now in another Light, I mean as a Philoſopher. In him theſe are not different, but mutually depending and co-exiſting Parts of the ſame Character. To judge in a worthy manner of the Performances of Men, we muſt know the Dignity of Human Nature, the Reach of the Human Underſtanding, the Ends for which we were created, and the Means of their Attainment. In theſe Speculations *Longinus* will make no contemptible Figure, and I hope the View will not appear ſuperfluous or uſeleſs.

Man cannot arrive to a juſt and proper underſtanding of himſelf, without worthy Notions of the ſupreme Being. The ſad Depravations of the Pagan World are chiefly to be attributed to a Deficiency in this Reſpect. *Homer* has exalted his Heroes at the Expence of his Deities, and ſunk

ſunk the divine Nature far below the human; and therefore deſerves that Cenſure of Blaſphemy, which *Longinus* has paſſed upon him. Had the Poet deſigned to have turned the imaginary Gods of his idolatrous Countrymen into Ridicule, he could hardly have taken a better Method. Yet what he has ſaid has never been underſtood in that Light; and tho' the whole may be allegorical, as his Commentators would fain perſuade us, yet this will be no Excuſe for the Malignancy of its Effects on a ſuperſtitious World. The Diſcourſes of *Socrates*, and the Writings of *Plato*, had in a great meaſure corrected the Notions of inquiſitive and thoughtful Men in this Particular, and cauſed the Diſtinction of Religion into vulgar and philoſophical. By what *Longinus* has ſaid of *Homer*, it is plain to me, that his Religion was of the latter ſort. Tho' we allow him not to be a Chriſtian or a *Jewiſh* Convert, yet he was no Idolater, ſince without a Knowledge and Reverence of the divine Perfections, he never could have formed his noble Ideas of human Nature.

This Life he conſiders as a public Theatre, on which Men are to act their Parts. A Thirſt after Glory, and an Emulation of whatever is great and excellent, is implanted in their Minds, to quicken their Purſuits after real Grandeur,

and

and to enable them to approach, as near as their finite Abilities will admit, to Divinity itſelf. Upon theſe Principles, he accounts for the vaſt Stretch and Penetration of the human Underſtanding; to theſe he aſcribes the Labours of Men of Genius; and by the Predominancy of them in their Minds, aſcertains the Succeſs of their Attempts. In the ſame manner he accounts for that Turn in the Mind, which biaſſes us to admire more what is great and uncommon, than what is ordinary and familiar, however uſeful. There are other maſterly Reflexions of this kind in the 33d and 34th Sections, which are only to be excelled by Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Eſſay on the Imagination.* Whoever reads this part of *Longinus*, and that Piece of Mr. *Addiſon*'s with Attention, will form Notions of them both, very much to their Honour.

Yet the telling us we were born to purſue what is great, without informing us what is ſo, would avail but little. *Longinus* declares for a cloſe and attentive Examination of all Things. Outſides and Surfaces may be ſplendid and alluring, yet nothing be within deſerving our Applauſe. He that ſuffers himſelf to be dazled with a gay and gawdy Appearance, will be betrayed into Admiration of what the wiſe contemn; his Purſuits will be levelled at Wealth, and

Power,

Power, and high Rank in Life, to the prejudice of his inward Tranquillity, and perhaps the Wreck of his Virtue. The Pageantry and Pomp of Life will be regarded by ſuch a Perſon, as true Honour and Glory; and he will neglect the nobler Acquiſitions, which are more ſuited to the Dignity of his Nature, which alone can give Merit to Ambition, and centre in ſolid and ſubſtantial Grandeur.

The Mind is the Source and Standard of whatever can be conſidered as great and illuſtrious in any Light. From this our Actions and our Words muſt flow, and by this muſt they be weighed. We muſt think well, before we can act or ſpeak as we ought. And it is the inward Vigour of the Soul, tho' variouſly exerted, which forms the Patriot, the Philoſopher, the Orator, or the Poet: This was the Riſe of an *Alexander*, a *Socrates*, a *Demoſthenes*, and a *Homer*. Yet this inward Vigor is chiefly owing to the Bounty of Nature, is cheriſhed and improved by Education, but cannot reach Maturity, without other concurrent Cauſes, ſuch as public Liberty, and the ſtricteſt Practice of Virtue.

That the Seeds of a great Genius in any kind muſt be implanted within, and cheriſhed and improved by Education, are Points in which the whole World agrees. But the Importance

of

of Liberty in bringing it to Perfection, may perhaps be more liable to debate. *Longinus* is clear on the affirmative ſide. He ſpeaks feelingly, but with caution about it, becauſe Tyranny and Oppreſſion were triumphant at the Time he wrote.

He avers, with a Spirit of generous Indignation, that Slavery is the Confinement of the Soul, and a public Dungeon.* On this he charges the Suppreſſion of Genius, and Decay of the Sublime. The Condition of Man is deplorable, when he dares not exert his Abilities, and runs into imminent Danger by ſaying or doing what he ought. Tyranny, erected on the Ruins of Liberty, lays an immediate Reſtraint on the Minds of Vaſſals, ſo that the inborn Fire of Genius is quickly damped, and ſuffers at laſt a total Extinction. This muſt always be a neceſſary Conſequence, when what ought to be the Reward of an honourable Ambition, becomes the prey of Knaves and Flatterers. But the Infection gradually ſpreads, and Fear and Avarice will bend thoſe to it, whom Nature formed for higher Employments, and ſink lofty Orators into pompous Flatterers. The truth of this Remark will eaſily appear, if we compare *Cicero* ſpeaking to *Catiline*, to the ſame *Cicero* pleading before *Cæſar* for *Marcellus*. That Spirit of Adulation, which prevailed ſo much in *England*

* Sect. xliv.

land about a Century ago, lowered one of the greateſt Genius's that ever lived, and turned even the Lord *Bacon* into a Sycophant. And this will be the caſe, wherever Power incroaches on the Rights of Mankind: A ſervile Fear will clog and fetter every riſing Genius, will ſtrike ſuch an Awe upon it in its tender and infant State, as will ſtick for ever after, and check its generous Sallies. No one will write or ſpeak well in ſuch a Situation, unleſs on Subjects of meer Amuſement, and which cannot, by any indirect Tendency, affect his Maſters. For how ſhall the Vaſſal dare to talk ſublimely on any Point, wherein his Lord acts meanly?

But further, as deſpotic and unbridled Power is generally obtained, ſo 'tis as often ſupported by unjuſtifiable Methods. The ſplendid and oſtentatious Pageantry of thoſe at the Helm, gives Riſe to Luxury and Profuſeneſs among the Subjects. Theſe are the fatal Sources of diſſolute Manners, of degenerate Sentiments, of Infamy and Want. As Pleaſure is ſupplied by Money, no Method, however mean, is omitted to procure the latter, becauſe it leads to the Enjoyment of the former. Men become corrupt and abject, their Minds are enervated and inſenſible to Shame. "The Faculties of the Soul (in the "Words of *Longinus*) * will then grow ſtupid,

* *See* Sect. xliv. "their

" their Spirit will be loſt, and good Senſe and " Genius muſt lie in Ruins, when the Care and " Study of Man is engaged about the mortal, " the worthleſs part of himſelf, and he has " ceaſed to cultivate Virtue, and poliſh his no- " bler part, the Soul."

The Scope of our Author's Reflexions in the latter part of the Section is this; that Genius can never exert itſelf or riſe to Sublimity, where Virtue is neglected, and the Morals are depraved. *Cicero* was of the ſame Opinion before him, and *Quinctilian* has a whole Chapter to prove, that the great Orator muſt be a good Man. Men of the fineſt Genius which have hitherto appeared in the World, have been for the moſt part not very defective in their Morals, and leſs in their Principles. I am ſenſible there are Exceptions to this Obſervation, but little to the Credit of the Perſons, ſince their Works become the ſevereſt Satyrs on themſelves, and the manifeſt Oppoſition between their Thought and Practice detracts its Weight from the one, and marks out the other for public Abhorrence.

An inward Grandeur of Soul is the common Center, from whence every Ray of Sublimity, either in Thought, or Action, or Diſcourſe, is darted out. For all Minds are no more of the ſame Complexion, than all Bodies of the ſame

Texture. In the latter Caſe, our Eyes would meet only with the ſame Uniformity of Colour in every Object: In the former, we ſhould be all Orators or Poets, all Philoſophers, or all Blockheads. This would break in upon that beautiful and uſeful Variety, with which the Author of Nature has adorned the rational as well as the material Creation. There is in every Mind a Tendency, tho' perhaps differently inclined, to what is great and excellent. Happy they, who know their own peculiar Bent, who have been bleſſed with Opportunities of giving it the proper Culture and Poliſh, and are not cramped or reſtrained in the Liberty of ſhewing and declaring it to others! There are many fortunate Concurrences, without which we cannot attain to any quickneſs of Taſte or Reliſh for the Sublime.

I hope what has been ſaid will not be thought an improper Introduction to the following Treatiſe, in which (unleſs I am deceived) there is a juſt Foundation for every Remark that has been made. The Author appears ſublime in every View, not only in what he has written, but in the manner in which he acted, and the Bravery with which he died; by all acknowledged the Prince of Critics, and by no worſe Judge than *Boileau*, eſteemed a Philoſopher, worthy to be rank'd with *Socrates* and *Cato*.

LONGINUS

LONGINUS

ON THE

SUBLIME.

SECTION I.

YOU remember, [1] my dear *Terentianus*, that when we read over together [2] *Cecilius*'s Treatiſe on the Sublime, we thought it too mean for a Subject of that nature, that it is entirely defective in its principal Branches, and that conſequently its Advantage (which ought to be the principal Aim of every Writer) would prove very ſmall to the Readers. Beſides, tho' in every Treatiſe upon any Science two Points are indiſpenſably required; the firſt, that the Science, which is the Subject of it, be fully ex-

plain'd; the ſecond (I mean in order of writing, ſince in Excellence it is far the ſuperior) that plain Directions be given, how and by what Method ſuch Science may be attain'd; yet *Cecilius*, who brings a thouſand Inſtances to ſhew what the Sublime is, as if his Readers were wholly ignorant of the matter, has omitted, as altogether unneceſſary, the Method, which, judiciouſly obſerved, might enable us to raiſe our natural Genius to any height of this Sublime. But perhaps, this Writer is not ſo much to be blamed for his Omiſſions, as commended for his good Deſigns and earneſt Endeavours. You indeed have laid your Commands upon me, to give you my Thoughts on this Sublime; let us then, in obedience to thoſe Commands, conſider, whether any thing can be drawn from my private Studies, for the ſervice of [3] thoſe, who write for the World, or ſpeak in publick.

But I requeſt you, my dear Friend, to give me your Opinion on whatever I advance, with that exactneſs, which is due to Truth, and that Sincerity, which is natural to yourſelf. For well did the * Sage anſwer the Queſtion, *In what do we moſt reſemble the Gods?* when he replied, *In doing Good and ſpeaking Truth.* But ſince

* Pythagoras.

ſince I write, my dear Friend, to you, who are vers'd in ev'ry Branch of polite Learning, there will be little occaſion to uſe many previous Words in proving, that the Sublime is a certain Eminence or Perfection of Language, and that the greateſt Writers, both in Verſe and Proſe, have by this alone obtain'd the Prize of Glory, and fill'd all Time with their Renown. For the Sublime not only perſuades, but even throws an Audience into Tranſport. The Marvellous always works with more ſurprizing Force, than that which barely perſuades or delights. In moſt Caſes, it is wholly in our own Power, either to reſiſt or yield to Perſuaſion. But the Sublime, endued with Strength irreſiſtible, ſtrikes home, and triumphs over every Hearer. Dexterity of Invention, and good Order and Oeconomy in Compoſition, are not to be diſcerned from one or two Paſſages, nor ſcarcely ſometimes from the whole Texture of a Diſcourſe; but [4] the Sublime, when ſeaſonably addreſſed, with the rapid force of Lightning has borne down all before it, and ſhewn at one ſtroke the compacted Might of Genius. But theſe, and Truths like theſe, ſo well known and familiar to himſelf, I am confident my dear *Terentianus* can undeniably prove by his own Practice.

LONGINUS

SECTION II.

BUT we ought not to advance, before we clear the Point, whether or no there be any Art in the Sublime. For ſome are entirely of opinion, that they are guilty of a great miſtake, who would reduce it to the Rules of Art. "The Sublime (ſay they) is born within us, "and is not to be learn'd by Precept. The "only Art to reach it, is, to have the Power "from Nature. And (as they reaſon) thoſe "Effects, which ſhould be purely natural, are "diſpirited and weakened by the dry impo-"veriſhing Rules of Art."

But I maintain, that the contrary might eaſily appear, would they only reflect that —— 'tho' Nature for the moſt part challenges a ſovereign and uncontroulable Power in the Pathetic and Sublime, yet ſhe is not altogether lawleſs, but delights in a proper Regulation. That again — tho' ſhe is the Foundation, and even the Source of all degrees of the Sublime, yet that Method is able to point out in the cleareſt manner the peculiar Tendencies of each, and to mark the proper Seaſons, in which they ought to be inforced and applied. And further — that Flights of Grandeur are then in the utmoſt danger, when left at random to them-

themſelves, having no Ballaſt properly to poiſe, no Helm to guide their courſe, but cumbred with their own weight, and bold without Diſcretion. Genius may ſometimes want the Spur, but it ſtands as frequently in need of the Curb.

Demoſthenes ſomewhere judiciouſly obſerves, "That in common Life Succeſs is the great-"eſt Good; that the next, and no leſs impor-"tant, is Conduct, without which the other "muſt be unavoidably of ſhort continuance." Now the ſame may be aſſerted of Compoſition, where Nature will ſupply the Place of Succeſs, and Art the Place of Conduct.

But further, there is one thing which deſerves particular Attention. For tho' it muſt be own'd, that there is a Force in Eloquence, which depends not upon, nor can be learn'd by Rule, yet even this could not be known without that Light, which we receive from Art. If therefore, as I ſaid before, he who condemns ſuch Works as this in which I am now engaged, would attend to theſe Reflexions, I have very good reaſon to believe, he would no longer think any Undertaking of this nature ſuperfluous or uſeleſs.

SECTION III.

* * * * * * * * * †

Let them the Chimney's flaſhing Flames repel.
Could but theſe Eyes one lurking Wretch arreſt,
I'd whirl aloft one ſtreaming Curl of Flame,
And into Embers turn his crackling Dome.
But now a gen'rous Song I have not ſounded.

Streaming Curls of Flame, Spewing againſt Heaven, and *making* Boreas *a Piper*, with ſuch like Expreſſions, are not tragical, but ſuper-tragical. For thoſe forced and unnatural Images corrupt and debaſe the Stile, and cannot poſſibly adorn or raiſe it; and whenever carefully examined in the Light, their ſhew of being terrible gradually diſappears, and they become contemptible and ridiculous. Tragedy will indeed by its nature admit of ſome pompous and magnificent Swellings, yet even in Tragedy 'tis an unpardonable Offence to ſoar too high; much leſs allowable muſt it therefore be in Proſe-writing, or thoſe Works,

† *Here is a great Defect; but it is evident that the Author is treating of thoſe Imperfections, which are oppoſite to the true Sublime, and among thoſe, of extravagant Swelling or Bombaſt, an Example of which he produces from ſome old Tragic Poet, none of whoſe Lines, except theſe here quoted, and ſome Expreſſions below, remain at preſent.*

which

which are founded in Truth. Upon this Account ſome Expreſſions of [2] *Gorgias* the *Leontine* are highly ridicul'd, who ſtiles *Xerxes The Perſian Jupiter*, and calls Vulturs *Living Sepulchres*. Some Expreſſions of [3] *Calliſthenes* deſerve the ſame Treatment, for they ſhine not like Stars, but glare like Meteors. And [4] *Clitarchus* comes under this Cenſure ſtill more, who bluſters indeed and blows, as *Sophocles* expreſſes it,

Loud ſounding Blaſts not ſweetned by the Stop.

[5] *Amphicrates*, [6] *Hegeſias*, and [7] *Matris*, may all be tax'd with the ſame Imperfections. For often, when, in their own opinion, they are all-divine, what they imagine to be god-like Spirit, proves empty ſimple Froth.

Bombaſt however is amongſt thoſe Faults, which are moſt difficult to be avoided. All Men are naturally biaſs'd to aim at Grandeur. Hence it is, that by ſhunning with utmoſt Diligence the Cenſure of Impotence and Flegm, they are hurried into the contrary Extreme. They are mindful of the Maxim, that

In great Attempts 'tis glorious ev'n to fall.

But Tumours in Writing, as well as in the human Body, are certain Diſorders. Empty and

veil'd over with ſuperficial Bigneſs, they only delude, and work Effects contrary to thoſe for which they were deſigned. *Nothing*, according to the old Saying, *is drier than a Perſon diſtemper'd with a Dropſy.*

Now the only Failure in this ſwoln and puff'd-up Stile is, that it endeavours to go beyond the true Sublime, whereas Puerilities are directly oppoſite to it. They are low and grov'ling, meanly and faintly expreſs'd, and in a Word are the moſt ungenerous and unpardonable Errors, that an Author can be guilty of.

But what do we mean by a Puerility? Why, 'tis certainly no more than a School-boy's Thought, which, by too eager a Purſuit of Elegance, becomes dry and inſipid. And thoſe Perſons commonly fail in this Particular, who by an ill-managed Zeal for a neat, correct, and above all, a ſweet Stile, are hurried into low Turns of Expreſſion, into a heavy and nauſeous Affectation.

To theſe may be added a third ſort of Imperfection in the Pathetic, which [8] *Theodorus* has named the *Parenthyrſe*, or an ill-timed Emotion. It is an unneceſſary Attempt to work upon the Paſſions, where there is no need of a Pathos; or ſome Exceſs, where Moderation

is

is requiſite. For ſeveral Authors, of no ſober Underſtandings, are exceſſively fond of paſſionate Expreſſions, which bear no relation at all to their Subject, but are Whims of their own, or borrowed from the Schools. The Conſequence is, they meet with nothing but Contempt and Deriſion from their unaffected Audience. And it is what they deſerve, ſince they force themſelves into Tranſport and Emotion, whilſt their Audience is calm, ſedate, and unmoved. But I muſt reſerve the Pathetic for another Place.

SECTION IV.

TIMÆUS abounds very much in the Frigid, the other Vice of which I am ſpeaking; a Writer, it is true, ſufficiently skilled in other Points, and who ſometimes reaches the genuine Sublime. He was indeed a Perſon of a ready Invention, polite Learning, and a great Fertility and ſtrength of Thought. But theſe Qualifications are, in a great meaſure, clouded by the Propenſity he has to blazon the Imperfections of others, and a wilful Blindneſs in regard to his own; tho' a fond Deſire of new Thoughts and uncommon Turns has often plunged him into ſhameful Puerilities. The Truth of theſe Aſſertions I ſhall confirm by

one

one or two Inſtances alone, ſince *Cecilius* has already given us a larger number.

When he commends *Alexander the Great*, he tells us, that "he conquer'd all *Aſia* in "fewer Years than *Iſocrates* was compoſing "his Panegyric." A wonderful Parallel indeed between the Conqueror of the World, and a Profeſſor of Rhetoric! By your Method of Computation, *Timæus*, the *Lacedemonians* fall vaſtly ſhort of *Iſocrates* in Expedition; for they ſpent thirty Years in the Siege of *Meſſene*, he only ten in writing that Panegyric.

But how does he inveigh againſt thoſe *Athenians*, who were made Priſoners after the Defeat in *Sicily*. "Guilty (ſays he) of Sacrilege "againſt *Hermes*, and having defaced his "Images, they were now ſeverely puniſhed; "and what is ſomewhat extraordinary, by "one *Hermocrates* the Son of *Hermon*, who "was paternally deſcended from the injured "Deity." Really, my *Terentianus*, I am ſurprized that he has not paſs'd the ſame Cenſure on *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, "who for his hei"nous Impiety towards *Jupiter* (or *Dia*) and "*Hercules* (*Heraclea*) was dethroned by *Dion* "and *Heraclides*."

Why

Why ſhould I dwell any longer upon *Timæus*, when even the very Hero's of good Writing, *Xenophon* and *Plato*, tho' educated in the School of *Socrates*, ſometimes forget themſelves, and tranſgreſs thro' an Affectation of ſuch pretty Flouriſhes? The former in his Polity of the *Lacedemonians* ſpeaks thus: "They "obſerve an uninterrupted Silence, and keep "their Eyes as fix'd and unmoved, as if they "were ſo many Statues of Stone or Braſs. "You might with Reaſon think them more "modeſt [2] than the * Virgins in their Eyes". *Amphicrates* might, perhaps, be allowed to uſe the Term of modeſt Virgins for the Pupils of the Eye; but what an Indecency is it in the great *Xenophon?* And what a ſtrange Perſuaſion, that the Pupils of the Eye ſhould be in general the Seats of Modeſty, when Impudence is no where more viſible than in the Eyes of ſome? *Homer*, for inſtance, calls a Perſon,

'Drunkard! thou Dog in Eye! ||

Timæus, as if he had found a Treaſure, could not paſs by this inſipid Turn of *Xenophon*, without Imitation. Accordingly he ſpeaks thus of *Agathocles:* "He raviſh'd his own "Couſin, tho' married to another Perſon, and

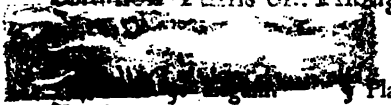
"on

* *The Word* κόρη *ſignifying both a Virgin and the Pupil of the Eye, has given occaſion for theſe cold inſipid Turns.* || Iliad. l. 1. v. 225.

" on [3] the very Day when ſhe was firſt ſeen " by her Husband without a Veil; a Crime, " of which none but he who had Proſtitutes, " not Virgins, in his Eyes, could be guilty". Neither is the divine *Plato* to be acquitted of this Failure, when he ſays, for inſtance; " After they are written, they depoſit in the " Temples theſe Cypreſs Memorials †". And in another Paſſage; " As to the Walls, *Megil-* " *lus*, I join in the Opinion of *Sparta*, to let " them ſleep ſupine on the Earth, and not to " rouze them up §". Neither does an Expreſſion of *Herodotus* fall ſhort of it, [4] when he calls beautiful Women, " the Pains of the " Eye *". Tho' this indeed may admit of ſome Excuſe, ſince in his Hiſtory it is ſpoke by drunken Barbarians. But neither in ſuch a Caſe, is it prudent to hazard the Cenſure of Poſterity, rather than paſs over a pretty Conceit.

SECTION V.

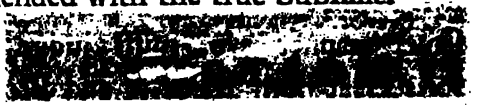
ALL theſe and ſuch like Indecencies in Compoſition take their Riſe from the ſame Original; I mean that eager Purſuit of uncommon Turns of Thought, which almoſt in-



fatuates

† Plato 6. Legum. * Herod. Terpſichore c. 18.

fatuates the Writers of the preſent Age. For our Excellencies and Defects flow almoſt from the ſame common Source. So that thoſe correct and elegant, thoſe pompous and beautiful Expreſſions, of which good Writing chiefly conſiſts, are frequently ſo diſtorted, as to become the unlucky Cauſes and Foundations of oppoſite Blemiſhes. This is manifeſt in Hyperboles and Plurals; but the danger attending an injudicious uſe of theſe Figures, I ſhall diſcover in the Sequel of this Work. At preſent it is incumbent upon me to enquire, by what Means we may be enabled to avoid thoſe Vices, which border ſo near upon, and are ſo eaſily blended with the true Sublime.



THIS indeed may be eaſily learned, if we can gain a thorough Inſight and Penetration into the Nature of the true Sublime, which, to ſpeak truly, is by no means an eaſy, or a ready Acquiſition. To paſs a right Judgment upon Compoſitions is generally the Effect of a long Experience, and the laſt Improvement of Study and Obſervation. But however, to ſpeak in the way of Encouragement, a more expeditious Method to form our Taſte, may perhaps by the Aſſiſtance of Rules be ſucceſsfully attempted.

SEC-

SECTION VII.

YOU cannot be ignorant, my deareſt Friend, that in common Life there is nothing great, a Contempt of which ſhews a Greatneſs of Soul. So Riches, Honours, Titles, Crowns, and whatever is veil'd over with a theatrical Splendor, and a gawdy Out-ſide, can never be regarded as intrinſically good, in the Opinion of a wiſe Man, ſince by deſpiſing ſuch things no little Glory is acquired. For thoſe Perſons, who have Ability ſufficient to acquire, but through an inward Generoſity ſcorn ſuch Acquiſitions, are more admired than thoſe, who actually poſſeſs them.

In the ſame manner we muſt judge of whatever looks great both in Poetry and Proſe. We muſt carefully examine whether it be not only Appearance. We muſt diveſt it of all ſuperficial Pomp and Garniſh. If it cannot ſtand this Trial, without doubt it is only ſwell'd and puff'd up, and it will be more for our Honour to contemn than to admire it. For the Mind is naturally elevated by the true Sublime, and ſo ſenſibly affected with its lively Strokes, that it ſwells in Tranſport and an inward Pride, as if what was only heard had been the Product of its own Invention.

He

He therefore, who has a competent Share of natural and acquired Taſte, may eaſily diſcover the Value of any Performance from a bare Recital of it. If he finds, that it tranſports not his Soul, nor exalts his Thoughts; that it calls not up into his Mind Ideas more enlarged than what the mere Sounds of the Words convey, but on attentive examination its Dignity leſſens and declines; he may conclude, that whatever pierces no deeper than the Ears, can never be the true Sublime. [2] That on the contrary is grand and lofty, which the more we conſider, the greater Ideas we conceive of it; whoſe Force we cannot poſſibly withſtand; which immediately ſinks deep, and makes ſuch Impreſſions on the Mind, as cannot be eaſily worn out or effaced. In a Word, you may pronounce that Sublime beautiful and genuine, which always pleaſes, and takes equally with all ſorts of Men. For when Perſons of different Humours, Ages, Profeſſions, and Inclinations, agree in the ſame joint Approbation of any Performance, then this Union of Aſſent, this Combination of ſo many different Judgments, ſtamps an high and indiſputable Value on that Performance, which meets with ſuch general Applauſe.

SEC-

SECTION VIII.

THERE are, if I may ſo expreſs it, five very copious Sources of the Sublime, if we preſuppoſe an Ability of Speaking well, as a common Foundation for theſe five Sorts, and indeed without it, any thing beſides will avail but little.

I. The Firſt and moſt excellent of theſe is a Boldneſs and Grandeur in the Thoughts, as I have ſhewn in my Eſſay on *Xenophon*.

II. The Second is call'd the Pathetic, or the Power of raiſing the Paſſions to a violent and even enthuſiaſtic degree; and theſe two being genuine Conſtituents of the Sublime, are the Gifts of Nature, whereas the other ſorts depend in ſome meaſure upon Art.

III. The Third conſiſts in a skilful Application of Figures, which are two-fold, of Sentiment and Language.

IV. The Fourth is a noble and graceful manner of Expreſſion, which is not only to chuſe out ſignificant and elegant Words, but alſo to adorn and embelliſh the Stile, by the Aſſiſtance of Tropes.

V. The Fifth Source of the Sublime, which compleats all the preceding, is the Structure or Compoſition of all the Periods, in all poſſible Dignity and Grandeur. I proceed

I proceed next to conſider each of theſe Sources apart, but muſt firſt obſerve, that, of the Five, *Cecilius* has wholly omitted the Pathetic. Now, if he look'd upon the Grand and Pathetic as including one another, and in effect the ſame, he was under a Miſtake. For [1] ſome Paſſions are vaſtly diſtant from Grandeur, and are in themſelves of a low degree; as Lamentation, Sorrow, Fear; and on the contrary, [2] there are many things grand and loftie without any Paſſion; as, among a thouſand Inſtances, we may ſee, from what [3] the Poet has ſaid, with ſo much Boldneſs, of the *Aloides**.

——— ——— ——— * *to raiſe*
Huge Oſſa *on* Olympus' *Top they ſtrove,*
And place on Oſſa Pelion *with its Grove;*
That Heaven itſelf thus climb'd, might be aſſail'd.

But the Boldneſs of what he afterwards adds, is yet greater,

Nor would Succeſs their bold Attempts have fail'd, &c.

Among the Orators, all Panegyrics, and Orations compoſed for Pomp and Show, may be grand throughout, but yet are for the moſt part void of Paſſion. So that thoſe Orators, who excel in the Pathetic, ſcarcely ever ſuc-

* Odyſſ. λ. v. 314.

ceed as Panegyriſts; and thoſe, whoſe Talents lie chiefly at Panegyric, are very ſeldom able to affect the Paſſions. But on the other hand, if *Cecilius* was of opinion, that the Pathetic did not contribute to the Sublime, and on that account judg'd it not worth his mention, he is guilty of an unpardonable Error. For I confidently aver, that nothing ſo much raiſes Diſcourſe, as a fine Pathos ſeaſonably applied. It animates a whole Performance with uncommon Life and Spirit, and gives meer Words the Force (as it were) of Inſpiration.

PART I.

SECTION IX.

BUT tho' the firſt and moſt important of theſe Diviſions, I mean, Elevation of Thought, be rather a natural than an acquired Qualification, yet we ought to ſpare no Pains to educate our Souls to Grandeur, and impregnate them with generous and enlarged Ideas.

"But how, it will be ask'd, can this be "done?" Why, I have hinted in another Place, that the Sublime is an Image reflected from the inward Greatneſs of the Soul. Hence it comes to paſs, that a naked Thought without Words challenges Admiration, and ſtrikes by its Grandeur. Such is the Silence of *Ajax* in

in the Odyſſey; which is undoubtedly noble, and far above Expreſſion!

To arrive at Excellence like this, we muſt needs ſuppoſe that, which is the Cauſe of it, I mean, that an Orator of the true Genius muſt have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impoſſible for thoſe, who have grov'ling and ſervile Ideas, or are engaged in the ſordid Purſuits of Life, to produce any thing worthy of Admiration, and the Peruſal of all Poſterity. Grand and ſublime Expreſſions muſt flow from them, and them alone, whoſe Conceptions are ſtored and big with Greatneſs. And hence it is, that the greateſt Thoughts are always uttered by the greateſt Souls. When *Parmenio* cried, [2] "I "would accept theſe Propoſals, if I was *Ale-* "*xander*;" *Alexander* made this noble Reply, "And ſo would I, if I was *Parmenio*." His Anſwer ſhew'd the Greatneſs of his Mind.

So [3] the Space between Heaven and Earth marks out the vaſt Reach and Capacity of *Homer*'s Ideas, when he ſays, *

[4] *While ſcarce the Skies her horrid Head can bound,*
She ſtalks on Earth. —— *Mr.* Pope.

* Iliad. Δ. v. 443.

This Deſcription may with more Juſtice be applied to *Homer*'s Genius than the Extent of Diſcord.

But what Diſparity, what a Fall there is in *Heſiod*'s Deſcription of Melancholy, if the Poem of the Shield may be aſcribed to him!

A filthy Moiſture from her Noſtrils flow'd. *

He has not repreſented his Image terrible, but loathſome and nauſeous.

On the other Hand, with what Majeſty and Pomp does *Homer* exalt his Deities!

Far as a Shepherd from ſome Point on high
O'er the wide Main extends his boundleſs Eye,
Thro' ſuch a ſpace of Air, with thund'ring Sound,
At one long Leap th'immortal Courſers bound. †

Mr. Pope.

He meaſures the Leap of the Horſes by the extent of the World. And who is there, that conſidering the ſuperlative Magnificence of this Thought, would not with good reaſon cry out, that if the Steeds of the Deity were to take a ſecond Leap, [6] the World itſelf would want room for it.

[7] How grand alſo and pompous are thoſe Deſcriptions of the Combat of the Gods!

Heav'n

* Heſiod. in Scuto Herc. v. 267. † Iliad. δ. 4. 770.

Heav'n in loud Thunders bids the Trumpet ſound,
*And wide beneath them groans the rending Ground.**
Deep in the diſmal Regions of the Dead
Th'infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid Head;
Leap'd from his Throne, leſt Neptune's *Arm ſhould lay*
His dark Dominions open to the Day,
And pour in Light on Pluto's *drear Abodes,*
Abhorr'd by Men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods. †

Mr. Pope.

[8] What a Proſpect is here, my Friend! The Earth laid open to its Centre; *Tartarus* itſelf diſcloſed to view; the whole World in Commotion, and tottering on its Baſis! and what is more, Heaven and Hell, Things mortal and immortal, all combating together, and ſharing the danger of this important Battle. But yet, theſe bold Repreſentations, if not allegorically underſtood, are downright Blaſphemy, and extravagantly ſhocking. [9] For *Homer*, in my opinion, when he gives us a Detail of the Wounds, the Seditions, the Puniſhments, Impriſonments, Tears of the Deities, with thoſe Evils of every kind, under which they languiſh, has to the utmoſt of his Power exalted his Heroes, who fought at *Troy*, into Gods, and degraded his Gods into Men. Nay, he makes their Condition worſe than human; for

* Il. φ. ver. 388. † Il. υ. ver. 61.

when Man is overwhelm'd in Misfortunes, Death affords a comfortable Port, and reſcues him from Miſery. But he repreſents the Infelicity of the Gods as everlaſting as their Nature.

And how far does he excel thoſe Deſcriptions of the Combats of the Gods, when he ſets a Deity in his true light, and paints him in all his Majeſty, Grandeur, and Perfection; as in that Deſcription of *Neptune*, which has been already applauded by ſeveral Writers:

[10] *Fierce as he paſt the lofty Mountains nod,*
The Foreſts ſhake, Earth trembled as he trode,
And felt the Footſteps of th'immortal God.
His whirling Wheels the glaſſy Surface ſweep;
Th' enormous Monſters rolling o'er the Deep
Gambol around him on the watry Way,
And heavy Whales in aukward Meaſures play:
The Sea ſubſiding ſpreads a level Plain,
Exults, and owns the Monarch of the Main:
The parting Waves before his Courſers fly;
*The wond'ring Waters leave the Axle dry.**

Mr. Pope.

[11] So likewiſe the *Jewiſh* Legiſlator, no ordinary Perſon, having conceiv'd a juſt Idea of the Power of God, has nobly expreſs'd it in the beginning of his Law. † "*And God ſaid,* — What?

* Il. γ. ver. 18—27— † Gen. i. 3.

—What? — *Let there be Light, and there* [redacted] not think me tedious, if I add another Quotation from the Poet, in regard to his Mortals; that you may ſee, how he accuſtoms us to mount along with him to heroic Grandeur. A thick and impenetrable Cloud of Darkneſs had on a ſudden enveloped the *Grecian* Army, and ſuſpended the Battle. *Ajax*, perplex'd what courſe to take, prays thus, †

Accept a Warrior's Pray'r, eternal Jove;
This Cloud of Darkneſs from the Greeks *remove*;
Give us but Light, and let us ſee our Foes,
We'll bravely fall, tho' Jove *himſelf oppoſe.*

The Sentiments of *Ajax* are here pathetically expreſs'd: it is *Ajax* himſelf. He begs not for Life: a Requeſt like that would be beneath a Hero. But becauſe in that Darkneſs he could diſplay his Valour in no illuſtrious Exploit, and his great Heart was unable to brook a ſluggiſh Inactivity in the Field of Action, he only prays for Light, not doubting to crown his Fall with ſome notable Performance, tho' *Jove himſelf* ſhould oppoſe his Efforts. Here

† Il. p. ver. 645.

Homer, like a brisk and favourable Gale, renews and ſwells the Fury of the Battle; he is as warm and impetuous as his Heroes are, or (as he ſays of *Hector*)

With ſuch a furious Rage his Steps advance,
As when the God of Battles ſhakes his Lance,
Or baleful Flames on ſome thick Foreſt caſt,
Swift marching lay the wooded Mountain waſte:
Around his Mouth a foamy Moiſture ſtands. †

Yet *Homer* himſelf ſhews in the *Odyſſey* (what I am going to add is neceſſary on ſeveral Accounts) that when a great Genius is in decline, a Fondneſs for the Fabulous clings faſt to Age. Many Arguments may be brought to prove, that this Poem was written after the *Iliad*, but this eſpecially, that in the *Odyſſey* he has occaſionally mention'd the Sequel of thoſe Calamities, which began at *Troy*, as ſo many Epiſodes of that fatal War; and that he introduces thoſe terrible Dangers and horrid Diſaſters, as formerly undergone by his Heroes. For in reality, the *Odyſſey* is no more than the Epilogue of the *Iliad*.

There

There warlike Ajax, *there* Achilles *lies*,
Patroclus *there*, *a Man divinely wiſe*;
There too my deareſt Son. *

It proceeds, I ſuppoſe, from the ſame Reaſon, that having wrote the *Iliad* in the Youth and Vigour of his Genius, he has furniſh'd it with continued Scenes of Action and Combat; whereas, the greateſt part of the *Odyſſey* is ſpent in Narration, the Delight of Old-age. [12] So that, in the *Odyſſey*, *Homer* may with juſtice be reſembled to the Setting Sun, whoſe Grandeur ſtill remains, without the Meridian Heat of his Beams. The Stile is not ſo grand and majeſtic as that of the *Iliad*; the Sublimity not continued with ſo much Spirit, nor ſo uniformly noble; the Tides of Paſſion flow not along with ſo much Profuſion, nor do they hurry away the Reader in ſo rapid a Current. There is not the ſame Volubility and quick variation of the Phraſe; nor is the Work embelliſhed with ſo many ſtrong and expreſſive Images. Yet like the Ocean, whoſe very Shores when deſerted by the Tide, mark out how wide it ſometimes flows, ſo *Homer*'s Genius, when ebbing into all thoſe fabulous and incredible Ramblings of *Ulyſſes*, ſhews plainly how ſublime it once had been. Not that I am forgetful

* Odyſ. γ. ver. 109.

forgetful of thoſe Storms, which are deſcribed in ſo terrible a manner, in ſeveral parts of the *Odyſſey*; of *Ulyſſes*'s Adventures with the *Cyclop*, and ſome other Inſtances of the true Sublime. No; I am ſpeaking indeed of Old-age, but 'tis the Old-age of *Homer*. However it is evident from the whole Series of the *Odyſſey*, that there is far more Narration in it, than Action.

I have digreſſed thus far, merely for the ſake of ſhewing, that, in the Decline of their Vigour, the greateſt Genius's are apt to turn aſide unto Trifles. Thoſe Stories of ſhutting up the Winds in a Bag, of the Men in *Circe*'s Iſland metamorphos'd into Swine, whom [13] *Zoilus* calls, *little ſqueaking Pigs*; of *Jupiter*'s being nurſed by the Doves like one of their Young, of *Ulyſſes* in a Wreck, when he took no Suſtenance for ten Days, and thoſe incredible Abſurdities concerning the Death of the Suitors; all theſe are undeniable Inſtances of this in the *Odyſſey*. [14] Dreams indeed they are, but ſuch as even *Jove* might dream.

I have digreſſed thus far, for the ſake of ſhewing, as I obſerved before, that a decreaſe of the Pathetic in great Orators and Poets often ends [15] in the moral kind of writing. Thus the *Odyſſey* furniſhing us with Rules of Morality,

Morality, drawn from that courſe of Life, which the Suitors lead in the Palace of *Ulyſſes*, has in ſome degree the Air of a Comedy, where the various Manners of Men are ingeniouſly and faithfully deſcribed.

SECTION X.

LET us conſider next, whether we cannot find out ſome other means, to infuſe Sublimity into our Writings. Now, as there are no Subjects, which are not attended by ſome adherent Circumſtances, an accurate and judicious Choice of the moſt ſuitable of theſe Circumſtances, and an ingenious and skilful Connexion of them into one Body, muſt neceſſarily produce the Sublime. For what by the judicious Choice, and what by the skilful Connexion, they cannot but very much affect the Imagination.

Sappho is an Inſtance of this, who having obſerv'd the Anxities and Tortures inſeparable to jealous Love, has collected and diſplayed them all with the moſt lively Exactneſs. But in what Particular has ſhe ſhewn her Excellence? In ſelecting thoſe Circumſtances, which ſuit beſt with her Subject, and afterwards connecting them together with ſo much Art.

Bleſt

Bleſt as th'immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears, and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Reſt,
And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in Tranſport toſt,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt.

My Boſom glow'd; the ſubtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away. [1] Philips.

Are you not amaz'd, my Friend, to find how in the ſame Moment ſhe is at a loſs for her Soul, her Body, her Ears, her Tongue, her Eyes, her Colour, all of them as much abſent from her, as if they had never belonged to her? And what contrary Effects does ſhe feel together? She *glows*, ſhe *chills*, ſhe *raves*, ſhe *reaſons*; now ſhe is in *Tumults*, and now ſhe is *dying away*. In a Word, ſhe ſeems not

to

to be attacked by one alone, but by a Combination of the moſt violent Paſſions.

All the Symptoms of this kind are true Effects of jealous Love; but the Excellence of this Ode, as I obſerved before, conſiſts in the judicious Choice and Connexion of the moſt notable Circumſtances. And it proceeds from his due Application of the moſt formidable Incidents, that the Poet excels ſo much in deſcribing Tempeſts. [2] The Author of the Poem on the *Armaſpians* doubts not but theſe Lines are great and full of Terror.

Ye Pow'rs, what Madneſs! how on Ships ſo frail
(Tremendous Thought!) can thoughtleſs Mortals ſail?
For ſtormy Seas they quit the pleaſing Plain,
Plant Woods in Waves, and dwell amidſt the Main.
Far o'er the Deep (a trackleſs Path) they go,
And wander Oceans in purſuit of Woe.
No Eaſe their Hearts, no Reſt their Eyes can find,
On Heav'n their Looks, and on the Waves their Mind;
Sunk are their Spirits, while their Arms they rear,
And Gods are wearied with their fruitleſs Pray'r.

Mr. Pope.

Every impartial Reader will diſcern that theſe Lines are florid more than terrible. But how does *Homer* raiſe a Deſcription, to mention only one Example amongſt a thouſand!

He

——3 He burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a Wave that from the Cloud impends,
And ſwell'd with Tempeſts on the Ship deſcends;
White are the Decks with Foam; the Winds aloud
Howl o'er the Maſts, and ſing thro' ev'ry Shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd the Sailors freeze with Fears,
And inſtant Death on ev'ry Wave appears. *

Mr. Pope.

Aratus has attempted a Refinement upon the laſt Thought, and turned it thus;

A ſlender Plank preſerves them from their Fate. †

But inſtead of increaſing the Terror, he only leſſens and refines it away; and beſides, he ſets a Bound to the impending Danger, by ſaying, *a Plank preſerves them*, thus baniſhing their Deſpair. But the Poet is ſo far from confining the Danger of his Sailors, that he paints them in a moſt deſperate Situation, while they are only not ſwallow'd up in every Wave, and have Death before their Eyes as faſt as they eſcape it. 4 Nay more, the Danger is diſcerned in the very Hurry and Confuſion of the Words; the Verſes are toſs'd up and down with the Ship, the Harſhneſs and Jarring of the Syllables give us a lively Image of the Storm, and the

* Iliad. o. ver. 624.
† Arati Phænomen. ver. 299.

the whole Deſcription is in itſelf a terrible and furious Tempeſt.

It is by the ſame Method, that *Archilochus* has ſucceeded ſo well in deſcribing a Wreck; and *Demoſthenes*, where he relates * the Confuſions at *Athens*, upon arrival of ill News. [s] *It was* (ſays he) *in the Evening*, &c. If I may ſpeak by a Figure, they review'd the Forces of their Subjects, and cull'd out the Flower of them, with this Caution, not to place any mean, or indecent, or coarſe Expreſſion in ſo choice a Body. For ſuch Expreſſions are like mere Patches, or unſightly bits of Matter, which in this Edifice of Grandeur entirely confound the fine Proportions, mar the Symmetry, and deform the Beauty of the whole.

SECTION XI.

THERE is another Virtue bearing great affinity to the former, which they call Amplification; whenever (the Topics, on which we write or debate, admitting of ſeveral Beginnings, and ſeveral Pauſes in the Periods) the great Incidents, heaped one upon another, aſcend by a continued Gradation to a Summit of Grandeur [t]. Now this may be done to enoble

* Orat. de Coronâ.

enoble what is familiar, to aggravate what is wrong, to increaſe the Strength of Arguments, to ſet Actions in their true Light, or skilfully to manage a Paſſion, and a thouſand ways beſides. But the Orator muſt never forget this Maxim, that in things however amplified, there cannot be Perfection, without a Sentiment which is truly ſublime, unleſs when we are to move Compaſſion, or to make things appear as vile and contemptible. But in all other Methods of Amplification, if you take away the ſublime Meaning, you ſeparate as it were the Soul from the Body. For no ſooner are they deprived of this neceſſary Support, but they grow dull and languid, loſe all their Vigour and Nerves.

What I have ſaid now differs from what went immediately before. My Deſign was then to ſhew, how much a judicious Choice and an artful Connexion of proper Incidents heighten a Subject. But in what manner this ſort of Sublimity differs from Amplification, will ſoon appear, by exactly defining the true Notion of the latter.

SECTION XII.

I CAN by no means approve of the Definition, which Writers of Rhetoric give of Ampli-

Amplification. *Amplification* (ſay they) *is a Form of Words aggrandizing the Subject.* Now this Definition may equally ſerve for the Sublime, the Pathetic, and the Application of Tropes, for theſe alſo inveſt Diſcourſe with peculiar Airs of Grandeur. In my opinion, they differ in theſe Reſpects: Sublimity conſiſts in Loftineſs, but Amplification in Number; whence the former is often viſible in one ſingle Thought; the other cannot be diſcerned, but in a Series and Chain of Thoughts riſing one upon another.

" Amplification therefore (to give an exact " Idea of it) is ſuch a full and complete " Connexion of all the particular Circum- " ſtances inherent in the Things themſelves, " as gives them additional Strength, by dwell- " ing ſome time upon, and progreſſively " heightening a particular Point." It differs from Proof in a material Article, ſince the end of a Proof is to eſtabliſh the Matter in debate * * * * * * * * * * * *

[*The Remainder of the Author's Remarks on Amplification is loſt. What comes next is imperfect, but it is evident from what follows, that* Longinus *is drawing a Parallel between* Plato *and* Demoſthenes.] * * * * * * * * * *

(*Plato*) may be compared to the Ocean, whoſe

Waters, when hurried on by the Tide, overflow their ordinary Bounds, and are diffuſed into a vaſt Extent. And in my opinion this is the Cauſe, that the Orator (*Demoſthenes*) ſtriking with more powerful might at the Paſſions, is inflamed with fervent Vehemence, and paſſionate Ardour; whilſt *Plato* always grave, ſedate, and majeſtic, tho' he never was cold or flat, yet fell vaſtly ſhort of the impetuous Thundering of the other.

And it is in the ſame Points, my dear *Terentianus*, that *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes* (if we *Grecians* may be admitted to ſpeak our Opinions) differ in the Sublime. The one is at the ſame time grand and conciſe, the other grand and diffuſive. Our *Demoſthenes*, uttering every Sentence with ſuch Force, Precipitation, Strength, and Vehemence, that it ſeems to be all Fire, and bears down every thing before it, may juſtly be reſembled to a Thunderbolt or an Hurricane. But *Cicero*, like a wide Conflagration, devours and ſpreads on all ſides; his Flames are numerous, and their Heat is laſting; they break out at different times in different Quarters, and are nouriſhed up to a raging Violence by ſucceſſive Additions of proper Fuel. I muſt not however pretend to judge in this caſe ſo well as you. But the true

Seaſon

Seaſon of applying ſo forcible and intenſe a Sublime, as that of *Demoſthenes*, is, in the ſtrong Efforts of Diſcourſe, in vehement Attacks upon the Paſſions, and whenever the Audience are to be ſtruck at once, and thrown into Conſternation. And Recourſe muſt be had to ſuch diffuſive Eloquence, as that of *Cicero*, when they are to be ſooth'd and brought over by gentle and ſoft Inſinuation. Beſides, this diffuſe kind of Eloquence is moſt proper for all familiar Topics, for Perorations, Digreſſions, for eaſy Narrations or pompous Amuſements, for Hiſtory, for ſhort Accounts of the Operations of Nature, and many other ſorts.

SECTION XIII.

"TO leave this Digreſſion. Tho' *Plato's* Stile particularly excels in Smoothneſs, and an eaſy and peaceable Flow of the Words, yet neither does it want an Elevation and Grandeur; and of this you cannot be ignorant, as you have read the following Paſſage in his *Republic* *. "Thoſe Wretches (ſays he) who "never have experienced the Sweets of Wiſ- "dom and Virtue, but ſpend all their Time "in Revels and Debauches, ſink downwards "Day after Day, and make their whole Life

* Plato, l. 9. De rep. p. 586. edit. Steph.

" one continued Series of Errors. They ne-
" ver have the Courage to lift the Eye up-
" wards towards Truth, they never felt any
" the leaſt Inclination to it. They taſte no
" real or ſubſtantial Pleaſure, but reſembling
" ſo many Brutes, with Eyes always fix'd on
" the Earth, and intent upon their loaden Ta-
" bles, they pamper themſelves up in Luxury
" and Exceſs. So that hurried on by their
" voracious and inſatiable Appetites, they are
" continually running and kicking at one ano-
" ther with Hoofs and Horns of Steel, and
" are embrued in perpetual Slaughter."

This excellent Writer, if we can but reſolve to follow his Guidance, opens here before us another Path, beſides thoſe already mention'd, which will carry to the true Sublime.—And what is this Path?—Why, an Imitation and Emulation of the greateſt Orators and Poets that ever flouriſhed. And let this, my Friend, be our Ambition; be this the fix'd and laſting Scope of all our Labours.

For hence it is, that numbers of Imitators are raviſh'd and tranſported by a Spirit not their own, [2] like the *Pythian* Prieſteſs, when ſhe approaches the ſacred Tripod. There is, if Fame ſpeaks true, a Chaſm in the Earth, *from whence exhale divine Evaporations*, which impregnate

impregnate her on a ſudden with the Inſpiration of her God, and cauſe in her the Utterance of Oracles and Predictions. So, from the ſublime Spirit of the Ancients, there ariſe ſome fine Effluvia, like Vapours from the ſacred Vents, which work themſelves inſenſibly into the Breaſts of Imitators, and fill thoſe, who naturally are not of a tow'ring Genius, with the lofty Ideas and Fire of others. Was *Herodotus* alone the conſtant Imitator of *Homer*? No: [3] *Steſichorus* and *Archilochus* imitated him more than *Herodotus*; but *Plato* more than all of them; who, from the copious *Homeric* Fountain, has drawn a thouſand Rivulets to cheriſh and improve his own Productions. Perhaps there might be a Neceſſity of my producing ſome Examples of this, had not *Ammonius* done it to my Hand.

Nor is ſuch Proceeding to be look'd upon as Plagiariſm, but, in Methods conſiſtent with the niceſt Honour, an Imitation of the fineſt Pieces, or copying out thoſe bright Originals. Neither do I think, that *Plato* would have ſo much embelliſhed his Philoſophical Tenets with the florid Expreſſions of Poetry, [4] had he not been ambitious of entering the Liſts, like a youthful Champion, and ardently contending for the Prize with *Homer*, who had a

long time engroſs'd the Admiration of the World. The Attack was perhaps too raſh, the Oppoſition perhaps had too much the Air of Enmity, but yet it could not fail of ſome Advantage; for, as *Heſiod* ſays," *

Such brave Contention works the Good of Men.

A greater Prize than the Glory and Renown of the Ancients can never be contended for, where Victory crowns with never-dying Applauſe, when even a Defeat, in ſuch a Competition, is attended with Honour.

SECTION XIV.

IF ever therefore we are engaged in a Work, which requires a Grandeur of Stile and exalted Sentiments, would it not then be of uſe to raiſe in ourſelves ſuch Reflexions as theſe? — How in this caſe would *Homer*, or *Plato*, or *Demoſthenes*, have raiſed their Thoughts? Or if it be hiſtorical, — How would *Thucydides?* For theſe celebrated Perſons, being propoſed by us for our Pattern and Imitation, will in ſome degree lift up our Souls to the Standard of their own Genius. It will be yet of greater uſe, if to the preceding Reflexions we add theſe — What would *Homer* or

* Heſiod. in operibus & Diebus, ver. 24

or *Demoſthenes* have thought of this Piece? or, what Judgment would they have paſs'd upon it? It is really a noble Enterprize, to frame ſuch a Theatre and Tribunal, to ſit on our own Compoſitions, and ſubmit them to a Scrutiny, in which ſuch celebrated Heroes muſt preſide as our Judges, and be at the ſame time our Evidence. There is yet another Motive, which may yield moſt powerful Incitements, if we ask ourſelves, —— What Character will Poſterity form of this Work, and of me the Author? For if any one, in the Moments of compoſing, apprehends that his Performance may not be able to ſurvive him, the Productions of a Soul, whoſe Views are ſo ſhort and confined, that it cannot promiſe itſelf the Eſteem and Applauſe of ſucceeding Ages, muſt needs be imperfect and abortive.

SECTION XV.

VISIONS, which by ſome are called Images, contribute very much, my deareſt Youth, to the Weight, Magnificence, and Force of compoſitions. The Name of an Image is generally given to any Idea, however repreſented in the Mind, which is communicable to others by Diſcourſe; but a more particular Senſe of it has now prevailed: "When

"the Imagination is ſo warm'd and affected, "that you ſeem to behold yourſelf the very "Things you are deſcribing, and to diſplay "them to the life before the Eyes of an Au- "dience."

You cannot be ignorant, that rhetorical and poetical Images have a different Intent. The Deſign of a poetical Image is Surprize, that of a rhetorical is Perſpicuity. However to move and ſtrike the Imagination is a Deſign common to both.

Pity thy Offspring, Mother, nor provoke
Thoſe vengeful Furies to torment thy Son.
What horrid Sights! how glare their bloody Eyes!
How twiſting Snakes curl round their venom'd Heads!
In deadly Wrath the hiſſing Monſters riſe,
*Forward they ſpring, dart out, and leap around me.**

And again,

Alas!—ſhe'll kill me!—whither ſhall I fly? †

The Poet here actually ſaw the Furies with the Eyes of his Imagination, and has compell'd his Audience to ſee what he beheld himſelf. *Euripides* therefore has labour'd very much in his Tragedies to deſcribe the two Paſſions of Madneſs and Love, and has ſucceed-

ed

* Euripid. Oreſt. ver. 255.
† Euripid. Iphigen. Taur. ver. 408.

ed much better in theſe, than (if I am not miſtaken) in any other. Sometimes indeed he boldly aims at Images of different kinds. For tho' his Genius was not naturally great, yet in many Inſtances he even forced it up to the true Spirit of Tragedy; and that he may always riſe where his Subject demands it (to borrow an Alluſion from the Poet) *

Laſh'd by his Tail his heaving Sides incite
His Courage, and provoke himſelf for Fight.

The foregoing Aſſertion is evident from that Paſſage, where *Sol* delivers the Reins of his Chariot to *Phaeton:*

* *Drive on, but cautious ſhun the* Libyan *Air;*
That hot unmoiſten'd Region of the Sky
Will drop thy Chariot.—— †

And a little after,

Thence let the Pleiads point thy wary Courſe. †
Thus ſpoke the God. Th'impatient Youth with haſte
Snatches the Reins, and vaults into the Seat.
He ſtarts; the Courſers, whom the laſhing Whip
Excites, outſtrip the Winds, and whirl the Car
High thro' the airy Void. Behind the Sire,
Borne on his Planetary Steed, purſues

With

* Il. υ. ver. 170. †† *Two Fragments of* Euripides.

With Eye intent, and warns him with his Voice,
Drive there! — now here! — here! turn the Chariot here!

Who would not ſay, that the Soul of the Poet mounted the Chariot along with the Rider, that it ſhar'd as well in Danger, as in Rapidity of Flight with the Horſes? For, had he not been hurried on with equal Ardour thro' all this ethereal Courſe, he could never have conceived ſo grand an Image of it. There are ſome parallel Images in his [3] *Caſſandra.*

Ye martial Trojans, *&c.*

Æſchylus has made bold Attempts in noble and truly heroic Images; as, in one of his Tragedies, the ſeven Commanders againſt *Thebes*, without betraying the leaſt ſign of Pity or Regret, bind themſelves by Oath not to ſurvive *Eteocles*:

[4] *The Seven, a warlike Leader each in chief,*
Stood round, and o'er the brazen Shield they ſlew
A ſullen Bull; then plunging deep their Hands
Into the foaming Gore, with Oaths invok'd
Mars, *and* Enyo, *and blood-thirſting Terror.*

Sometimes indeed the Thoughts of this Author are too groſs, rough, and unpoliſhed; yet

Euripides

Euripides himſelf, ſpurr'd on too faſt by Emulation, ventures even to the brink of like Imperfections. In *Æſchylus* the Palace of *Lycurgus* is ſurprizingly affected by the ſudden Appearance of *Bacchus*:

The frantic Dome and roaring Roofs convuls'd,
Reel to and fro', inſtinct with Rage divine.

Euripides has the ſame Thought, but he has turn'd it with much more Softneſs and Propriety:

The vocal Mount in Agitation ſhakes, [5]
And echoes back the Bacchanalian *Cries.*

Sophocles has ſucceeded nobly in his Images, when he deſcribes his *Oedipus* in all the Agonies of approaching Death, and burying himſelf in the midſt of a prodigious Tempeſt; when he gives us a Sight of the [6] Apparition of *Achilles* upon his Tomb, at the Departure of the *Greeks* from *Troy*. But I know not, whether any one has deſcribed that Apparition, more divinely than [7] *Simonides*. To quote all theſe Inſtances at large would be endleſs.

To return: Images in Poetry are puſh'd to a fabulous Exceſs, quite ſurpaſſing the Bounds of Probability; whereas in Oratory, their Beauty conſiſts in the moſt exact Propriety and

niceſt Truth: and ſublime Excurſions are abſurd and impertinent, when mingled with Fiction and Fable, where Fancy ſallies out into direct Impoſſibilities. Yet to Exceſſes like theſe, our able Orators (kind Heaven make them really ſuch!) are very much addicted. With the Tragedians, they behold the tormenting Furies, and with all their Sagacity never find out, that when *Oreſtes* exclaims, †

Looſe me, thou Fury, let me go, Torment'reſs:
Cloſe you embrace, to plunge me headlong down
Into th' Abyſs of Tartarus——

the Image had ſeiz'd his Fancy, becauſe the mad Fit was upon him, and he was actually raving.

What then is the true Uſe of Images in Oratory? They are capable, in abundance of caſes, to add both Nerves and Paſſion to our Speeches. For if the Images be skilfully blended with the Proofs and Deſcriptions, they not only perſuade, but ſubdue an Audience. "If "any one, *ſays a great Orator*, * ſhould hear "a ſudden Out-cry before the Tribunal, "whilſt another brings the News, that the "Priſon is burſt open, and the Captives "eſcaped, no Man, either young or old, "would

† Euripid. Oreſt. v. 264. * Demoſth. Orat. contra Timocr. non procul a fine.

" would be of ſo abject a Spirit, as to deny " his utmoſt Aſſiſtance. But if amongſt this " Hurry and Confuſion, another ſhould ar- " rive, and cry out, This is the Author of " theſe Diſorders —— the miſerable accuſed, " unjudged, and unſentenced, would periſh " on the Spot."

So *Hyperides*, when he was accuſed of paſſing an illegal Decree, for giving Liberty to Slaves, after the Defeat of *Chæronea*; " It was " not an Orator, ſaid he, that made this De- " cree, but the Battle of *Chæronea*." At the ſame time, that he exhibits Proofs of his legal Proceedings, he intermixes an Image of the Battle, and by that Stroke of Art, quite paſſes the Bounds of mere Perſuaſion. It is natural to us, to hearken always to that, which is extraordinary and ſurprizing; whence it is, that we regard not the Proof, ſo much as the Grandeur and Luſtre of the Image, which quite eclipſes the Proof itſelf. This Biaſs of the Mind has an eaſy Solution; ſince, when two ſuch Things are blended together, the ſtronger will attract to itſelf all the Virtue and Efficacy of the weaker.

Theſe Obſervations will, I fancy, be ſufficient, concerning that Sublime, which belongs to the Senſe, and takes its riſe either from an

Eleva-

Elevation of Thought, *a Choice and Connexion of proper Incidents*, *Amplification*, Imitation, or Images.

PART II.

THE Pathetic, which the Author, Sect. viii. *laid down for the ſecond Source of the Sublime, is omitted here, becauſe it was reſerved for a diſtinct Treatiſe. See* Sect. xliv. *with the Note.*

PART III.

SECTION XVI.

THE Topic that comes next in order, is that of Figures; for theſe, when judiciouſly uſed, conduce not a little to Greatneſs. But ſince it would be tedious, if not infinite Labour, exactly to deſcribe all the Species of them, I ſhall inſtance only ſome few of thoſe, which contribute moſt to the Elevation of the Stile, on purpoſe to ſhew, that we lay not a greater Streſs upon them than is really their due.

Demoſthenes is producing Proofs of his upright Behaviour, whilſt in publick Employ. Now which is the moſt natural Method of doing this? (" You were not in the wrong, " *Athenians*, when you couragiouſly ventured " your

" your Lives, in fighting for the Liberty and " Safety of *Greece*, of which you have do- " meſtic illuſtrious Examples. For neither " were they in the wrong, who fought at *Ma-* " *rathon*, who fought at *Salamis*, who fought " at *Platææ*.") *Demoſthenes* takes another Courſe, and fill'd as it were with ſudden Inſpiration, and tranſported by a God-like Warmth, he thunders out an Oath by the Champions of *Greece*: " You were not in the " wrong, no, you were not I ſwear, by thoſe " noble Souls, who were ſo laviſh of their " Lives in the Field of *Marathon*, * *&c.*" He ſeems, by this figurative manner of ſwearing, which I call an Apoſtrophe, to have deified their noble Anceſtors; at the ſame time inſtructing them, that they ought to ſwear by Perſons, who fell ſo gloriouſly, as by ſo many Gods. He ſtamps into the Breaſts of his Judges, the generous Principles of thoſe applauded Patriots; and by transferring what was naturally a Proof, into a ſoaring Strain of the Sublime and the Pathetic, ſtrengthened by ſuch a ſolemn, ſuch an unuſual and reputable Oath, he inſtils that Balm into their Minds, which heals every painful Reflection, and aſſuages the Smart of Misfortune. He

* Orat. De Corona, p. 124. ed. Oxon.

He breathes new Life into them by his artful Encomiums, and teaches them to ſet as great a Value on their unſucceſsful Engagement with *Philip*, as on the Victories of *Marathon* and *Salamis*. In ſhort, by the ſole Application of this Figure, he violently ſeizes the Favour and Attention of his Audience, and compels them to acquieſce in the Event, as they cannot blame the Undertaking.

Some would inſinuate, that the Hint of this Oath was taken from theſe Lines of [2] *Eupolis*.

No! by my Labours in that glorious * *Field,*
Their Joy ſhall not produce my Diſcontent.

[3] But the Grandeur conſiſts not in the bare Application of an Oath, but in applying it in the proper Place, in a pertinent manner, at the exacteſt Time, and for the ſtrongeſt Reaſons. Yet in *Eupolis* there is nothing but an Oath, and that addreſs'd to the *Athenians* at a time they were fluſh'd with Conqueſt, and conſequently did not require Conſolation. Beſides, the Poet did not ſwear by Heroes, whom he had before deified himſelf, and thereby raiſe Sentiments in the Audience worthy of ſuch Virtue; but deviated from thoſe illuſtrious Souls, who ventured their Lives for their Country,

* Marathon.

Country, to ſwear by an inanimate Object, the Battle. In *Demoſthenes*, the Oath is addreſs'd to the vanquiſhed, to the end that the Defeat of *Chæronea* may be no longer regarded by the *Athenians* as a Misfortune. It is at one time a clear Demonſtration that they had done their Duty, it gives occaſion for an illuſtrious Example, it is an Oath artfully addreſs'd, a juſt Encomium, and a moving Exhortation. And whereas this Objection might be thrown in his way, " You ſpeak of a Defeat partly " occaſion'd by your own ill Conduct, and " then you ſwear by thoſe celebrated Victo- " ries;" the Orator took care to weigh all his Words in the Balances of Art, and thereby brings them off with Security and Honour. From which prudent Conduct we may infer, that Sobriety and Moderation muſt be obſerved, in the warmeſt Fits of Fire and Tranſport. In ſpeaking of their Anceſtors he ſays, " Thoſe " who ſo bravely expoſed themſelves to dan- " ger in the Plains of *Marathon*, thoſe who " were in the naval Engagements near *Sala-* " *mis* and *Artemiſium*, and thoſe who fought " at *Platæa*;" induſtriouſly ſuppreſſing the very mention of the Events of thoſe Battles, becauſe they were ſucceſsful, and quite oppoſite to that of *Chæronea*. Upon which ac-

count he anticipates all Objections, by immediately ſubjoining, " all whom, *Æſchines*, the " City honoured with a public Funeral, not " becauſe they purchaſed Victory with their " Lives, but becauſe they loſt thoſe for their " Country."

SECTION XVII.

I muſt not in this Place, my Friend, omit an Obſervation of my own, which I will mention in the ſhorteſt manner: Figures naturally impart aſſiſtance to, and on the other ſide receive it again, in a wonderful manner, from ſublime Sentiments. And I'll now ſhew where, and by what means, this is done.

A too frequent and elaborate Application of Figures, carries with it a great Suſpicion of Artifice, Deceit, and Fraud, eſpecially when, in pleading, we ſpeak before a Judge, from whoſe Sentence lies no Appeal; and much more, if before a Tyrant, a Monarch, or any one inveſted with arbitrary Power or unbounded Authority. For he grows immediately angry, if he thinks himſelf childiſhly amuſed, and attacked by the Quirks and Subtleties of a wily Rhetorician. He regards the Attempt as an Inſult and Affront to his Underſtanding,

and

and ſometimes breaks out into bitter Indignation; and tho' perhaps he may ſuppreſs his Wrath, and ſtifle his Reſentments for the preſent, yet he is averſe, nay even deaf, to the moſt plauſible and perſuaſive Arguments that can be alledged. Wherefore a Figure is then moſt dextrouſly applied, when it cannot be diſcerned that it is a Figure.

Now a due Mixture of the Sublime and Pathetic very much increaſes the Force, and removes the Suſpicion, that commonly attends on the uſe of Figures. For veil'd, as it were, and wrapt up in ſuch Beauty and Grandeur, they ſeem to diſappear, and ſecurely defy diſcovery. I cannot produce a better Example, to ſtrengthen this Aſſertion, than the preceding from *Demoſthenes:* "I ſwear by thoſe "noble Souls," *&c.* For in what has the Orator here concealed the Figure? Plainly, in its own Luſtre. For as the Stars are quite dim'd and obſcur'd, when the Sun breaks out in all his blazing Rays, ſo the Artifices of Rhetoric are entirely overſhadowed, by the ſuperior Splendor of ſublime Thoughts. A parallel Illuſtration may be drawn from Painting. For when ſeveral Colours of Light and Shade are drawn upon the ſame Surface, thoſe of Light ſeem not only to riſe out of the

Piece, but even to lie much nearer to the Sight. So the Sublime and Pathetic either by means of a great Affinity they bear to the Springs and Movements of our Souls, or by their own ſuperlative Luſtre, always outſhine the adjacent Figures, whoſe Art they ſhadow, and whoſe Appearance they cover, in a Veil of ſuperior Beauties.

SECTION XVIII.

WHAT ſhall I ſay here of Queſtion and Interrogation? [1] Is not Diſcourſe enlivened, ſtrengthened, and thrown more forcibly along by this ſort of Figure? "Would you, ſays "*Demoſthenes*, * go about the City, and de- "mand what News? What greater News can "there be, than that a *Macedonian* enſlaves "the *Athenians*, and lords it over *Greece*? "Is *Philip* dead? No: but he is very ſick. "And what Advantage would accrue to you "from his Death, when as ſoon as his Head "is laid, you yourſelves will raiſe up another "*Philip*?" And again, † "Let us ſet ſail "for *Macedonia*. But were ſhall we land? [2] "The very War will diſcover to us the rot- "ten and unguarded Sides of *Philip*." Had this been uttered ſimply and without Interrogation,

* Demoſth. Philip. 1ma. † Ibidem.

rogation, it would have fallen vaſtly ſhort of the Majeſty requiſite to the Subject in debate. But as it is, the Energy and Rapidity that appears in every Queſtion and Anſwer, and the quick Replies to his own Demands, as if they were the Objections of another Perſon, not only renders his Oration more ſublime and lofty, but more plauſible and probable. For the Pathetic then works the moſt ſurprizing Effects upon us, when it ſeems not fitted to the Subject by the Skill of the Speaker, but to flow opportunely from it. And this Method of queſtioning and anſwering to ones ſelf, imitates the quick Emotions of a Paſſion in its Birth. For in common Converſation, when People are queſtion'd, they are warm'd at once, and anſwer the Demands put to them, with Earneſtneſs and Truth. And thus this Figure of Queſtion and Anſwer is of wonderful efficacy in prevailing upon the Hearer, and impoſing on him a Belief, that thoſe Things, which are ſtudied and laboured, are uttered without Premeditation, in the Heat and Fluency of Diſcourſe. ——— [*What follows here is the beginning of a Sentence now maim'd and imperfect, but 'tis evident from the few Words yet remaining, that the Author was going to add another Inſtance of the uſe of this*

Figure from Herodotus.] * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

SECTION XIX.

* * * * * * * [*The beginning of this Section is loſt, but the Senſe is eaſily ſupplied from what immediately follows.*] Another great Help in attaining Grandeur, is baniſhing the Copulatives at a proper Seaſon. For Sentences, artfully diveſted of Conjunctions, drop ſmoothly down, and the Periods are poured along in ſuch a manner, that they ſeem to outſtrip the very Thought of the Speaker. [1] "Then, ſays *Xenophon*, * cloſing "their Shields together, they were puſh'd, "they fought, they ſlew, they were ſlain." So *Eurylochus* in *Homer*: †

We went, Ulyſſes! *(ſuch was thy Command)*
Thro' the lone Thicket, and the deſart Land.
A Palace in a woody Vale we found,
Brown with dark Foreſts, and with Shades around.
Mr. Pope.

For Words of this ſort diſſevered from one another, and yet uttered at the ſame time with Precipitation, carry with them the Energy

* Rerum Græc. p. 219. ed. Oxon. & in Orat. de Ageſil.
† Odyſ. κ. v. 251.

ergy and Marks of a Conſternation, which at once reſtrains and accelerates the Words. So ſkilfully has *Homer* rejected the Conjunctions.

SECTION XX.

BUT nothing ſo effectually moves, as a heap of Figures combined together. For [1] when two or three are linked together in firm Confederacy, they communicate Strength, Efficacy, and Beauty to one another. So in *Demoſthenes'* Oration * againſt *Midias*, the Aſyndetons are blended and mix'd together with the Repetitions and lively Deſcription. "There "are ſeveral Turns in the Geſture, in the "Look, in the Voice of the Man, who does "Violence to another, which it is impoſſible for "the Party that ſuffers ſuch Violence, to ex-"preſs." And that the courſe of his Oration might not languiſh or grow dull by a further Progreſs in the ſame Track (for Calmneſs and Sedateneſs attend always upon Order, but the Pathetic always rejects Order, becauſe it throws the Soul into Tranſport and Emotion) he paſſes immediately to new Aſyndetons and freſh Repetitions—"in the Geſture, in the Look, in the "Voice—when like a Ruffian, when like an Ene-"my, when with his Fiſt, when on the Face."—

* Pag. 537. ed. Par.

The effect of theſe Words upon his Judges, is like that of the Blows of him who made the Aſſault; the Strokes fall thick upon one another, and their very Souls are ſubdued by ſo violent an Attack. Afterwards, he charges again with all the Force and Impetuoſity of Hurricanes: "When with his Fiſt, when on "the Face"---. "Theſe Things affect, theſe "Things exaſperate Men unuſed to ſuch Out-"rages. No body in giving a Recital of theſe "Things can expreſs the Heinouſneſs of "them." By frequent Variation, he every where preſerves the natural Force of his Repetitions and Aſyndetons, ſo that with him Order ſeems always diſordered, and Diſorder carries with it a ſurprizing Regularity.

SECTION XXI.

TO illuſtrate the foregoing Obſervation, let us imitate the Stile of *Iſocrates*, and inſert the Copulatives in this Paſſage, wherever they may ſeem requiſite. "Nor indeed is one Ob-"ſervation to be omitted, that he who com-"mits Violence on another, may do many "Things, *&c.* — *firſt* in his Geſture, *then* in "his Countenance, *and thirdly* in his Voice, "which, *&c.* And if you proceed to inſert the Conjunctions, you will find, that by

ſmoothing

ſmoothing the Roughneſs, and filling up the Breaks by ſuch Additions, what was before forcibly, ſurprizingly, irreſiſtibly pathetical, will loſe all its Energy and Spirit, will have all its Fire immediately extinguiſhed. To bind the Limbs of Racers, is to deprive them of active Motion and the Power of Stretching. In like manner the Pathetic, when embaraſſed and entangled in the Bonds of Copulatives, cannot ſubſiſt without difficulty. It is quite depriv'd of Liberty in its Race, and diveſted of that Impetuoſity, by which it ſtrikes the very Inſtant it is diſcharged.

SECTION XXII.

HYPERBATONS alſo are to be rank'd among the ſerviceable Figures. An Hyperbaton [1] is a tranſpoſing of Words or Thoughts out of their natural and grammatical Order, and it is a Figure ſtamped as it were with the trueſt Image of a moſt forcible Paſſion. [2] When Men are actuated either by Wrath, or Fear, or Indignation, or Jealouſy, or any of thoſe numberleſs Paſſions incident to the Mind, which cannot be reckoned up, they fluctuate here, and there, and every where; are ſtill upon forming new Reſolutions, and breaking thro' Meaſures before concerted, without

out any apparent Reaſon: Still unfixed and undetermined, their Thoughts are in perpetual Hurry, till, toſſed as it were by ſome unſtable Blaſt, they ſometimes return to their firſt Reſolution: So that, by this Flux and Reflux of Paſſion, they alter their Thoughts, their Language, and their manner of Expreſſion a thouſand times. Hence it comes to paſs, that [s] an Imitation of theſe Tranſpoſitions gives the moſt celebrated Writers the greateſt Reſemblance of the inward Workings of Nature. For Art may then be termed perfect and conſummate, when it ſeems to be Nature; and Nature then ſucceeds beſt, when ſhe conceals what Aſſiſtance ſhe receives from Art. [v]

In *Herodotus*, **Dionyſius* the [t] *Phocean* ſpeaks thus in a Tranſpoſition: "For our Affairs are "come to their Criſis; now is the important "Moment, *Ionians*, to ſecure your Liberty, "or to undergo that Cruelty and Oppreſſion, "which is the Portion of Slaves, nay Fugi- "tive Slaves. Submit yourſelves then to Toil "and Labour for the preſent. This Toil and "Labour will be of no long continuance; it "will defeat your Enemies, and guard your "Freedom." The natural Order was this: "O *Ionians*, now is the Time to ſubmit "to

* Herod. l. 6. c. 11.

" to Toil and Labour, for your Affairs are " come to their Criſis," &c. But as he tranſpoſed the Salutation, *Ionians*, and after having thrown them into Conſternation, ſubjoins it; it ſeems, as if Fright had hindered him, at ſetting out, from paying due Civility to his Audience. In the next place, he inverts the Order of the Thoughts. Before he exhorts them to " ſubmit to Toil and Labour" (for that is the end of his Exhortation) he mentions the Reaſon why Labour and Toil muſt be undergone, " Your Affairs (ſays he) " are come to their Criſis," —— ſo that his Words ſeem not premeditated, but to be forced unavoidably from him.

But *Thucydides* is ſtill more of a perfect Maſter in that ſurprizing Dexterity of tranſpoſing and inverting the Order of thoſe Things, which ſeem naturally united and inſeparable. *Demoſthenes* indeed attempts not this ſo often as *Thucydides*, yet he is more diſcreetly liberal of this kind of Figure than any other Writer. [5] He ſeems to invert the very Order of his Diſcourſe, and what is more, to utter every Thing *extempore*; ſo that by means of his long Tranſpoſitions he drags his Readers along, and conducts them thro' all the intricate Mazes of his Diſcourſe: Frequently arreſting his Thoughts

in

in the midſt of their Career, he makes Excurſions into different Subjects, and intermingles ſeveral ſeemingly unneceſſary Incidents: By this means he gives his Audience a kind of Anxiety, as if he had loſt his Subject, and forgot what he was about; and ſo ſtrongly engages their Concern, that they tremble for and bear their Share in the Dangers of the Speaker: At length after a long Ramble, he very pertinently, but unexpectedly, returns to his Subject, and raiſes the Surprize and Admiration of all, by theſe daring, but happy Tranſpoſitions. The Plenty of Examples, which every where occur in his Orations, will be my Excuſe for giving no particular Inſtance.

SECTION XXIII.

THOSE Figures, which are called [1] *Polyptotes*, as alſo [2] *Collections*, [3] *Changes*, and [4] *Gradations*, are (as you know, my Friend) well adapted to Emotion, and ſerviceable in adorning, and rendering what we ſay, in all Reſpects, more grand and affecting. And to what an amazing degree do [5] *Changes* either of Time, Caſe, Perſon, Number, Gender, diverſify and enliven the Stile!

As to Change of Numbers, I aſſert, that in Words ſingular in form may be diſcerned all the

the Vigour and Efficacy of Plurals, and that ſuch Singulars are highly ornamental.

6 *Along the Shores an endleſs Crowd appear,*
Whoſe Noiſe and Din and Shouts confound the Ear.

But Plurals are moſt worthy of Remark, becauſe they impart a greater Magnificence to the Stile, and by the Copiouſneſs of Number give it more Emphaſis and Grace. So the Words of *Oedipus* in *Sophocles*: *

——— *Oh! Nuptials, Nuptials!*
You firſt produc'd, and ſince our fatal Birth
Have mix'd our Blood, and all our Race confounded,
Blended in horrid and inceſtuous Bonds!
See! Fathers, Brothers, Sons, a dire Alliance!
See! Siſters, Wives and Mothers! all the Names,
That e'er from Luſt or Inceſt cou'd ariſe.

All theſe Terms denote on the one ſide *Oedipus* only, and on the other *Jocaſta*. But the Number, thrown into the Plural, ſeems to multiply the Misfortunes of that unfortunate Pair. So another Poet has made uſe of the ſame Method of Increaſe,

Then Hectors *and* Sarpedons *iſſued forth.*

Of this Figure is that Expreſſion of *Plato* concerning the *Athenians*, quoted by me in my

* Oedip. Tyran. ver. 1417.—

my other Writings. " For neither do the *Pe-*
" *lops*'s, nor the *Cadmus*'s, nor the *Ægyptus*'s,
" nor the *Danaus*'s dwell here with us, nor
" indeed any others of barbarous Deſcent, but
" we ourſelves, *Grecians* entirely, not having
" our Blood debaſed by Barbarian Mixtures,
" dwell here alone," &c. † When the Words are thus confuſedly thrown into Multitudes, one upon another, they excite in us greater and more elevated Ideas of Things. Yet recourſe is not to be had to this Figure on all Occaſions, but then only, when the Subject will admit of an Amplification, an Enlargement, Hyperbole, or Paſſion, either one or more. 7 For to hang ſuch Trappings to every Paſſage is highly Pedantic.

SECTION XXIV.

ON the contrary alſo, Plurals reduced and contracted into Singulars have ſometimes much Grandeur and Magnificence. 1 " Beſides, all " *Peloponneſus* was at that Time rent into Fac-" tions*." And, " At the Repreſentation of " *Phrynicus*' Tragedy, called, *The Siege of* " *Miletus*, 2 the whole Theatre was melted " into Tears §." For uniting thus one compleat

† Plato in Meneſceno, p. 245. ed. Par.
* Demoſth. Orat. de Corona, p. 17. ed. Ox.
§ Herod. l. 6. c. 21.

pleat Number out of ſeveral diſtinct, renders a Diſcourſe more nervous and ſolid. But the Beauty, in each of theſe Figures, ariſes from the ſame Cauſe, which is, the unexpected Change of a Word into its oppoſite Number. For when Singulars occur, unexpectedly to multiply them into Plurals, and by a ſudden and unforeſeen Change, to contract Plurals in one Singular ſounding and emphatical, is the Mark of a pathetic Speaker.

SECTION XXV.

WHEN you introduce Things paſt as actually preſent, and in the moment of Action, you no longer relate, but diſplay, the very Action before the Eyes of your Readers. 1 "A "Soldier, ſays *Xenophon**, falls down under "*Cyrus*' Horſe, and being trampled under "foot, wounds him in the Belly with his "Sword. The Horſe, impatient of the Wound, "flings about and throws off *Cyrus*. He falls "to the Ground," *Thucydides* very frequently makes uſe of this Figure.

SECTION XXVI.

CHANGE of Perſons has alſo a wonderful Effect, in ſetting the very Things before our

* Xenophon De Cyri inſtitut. l. 7.

our Eyes, and making the Hearer think himſelf actually preſent and concern'd in Dangers; when he is only attentive to a Recital of them.

No Force could vanquiſh them, thou would'ſt have thought,
No Toil fatigue, ſo furiouſly they fought *

And ſo *Aratus*, †

O put not thou to Sea in that ſad Month!

And this Paſſage of *Herodotus* ||: "You "ſhall ſail upwards from the City *Elephanti-* "*na*, and at length you will arrive upon a le- "vel Coaſt. — After you have travelled over "this Tract of Land, you ſhall go on board "another Ship, and ſail two Days, and then "you will arrive at a great City, call'd *Meroe*." You ſee, my Friend, how he carries your Imagination along with him in this Excurſion! how he conducts it thro' the different Scenes, making even Hearing Sight! And all ſuch Paſſages, directly addreſſed to the Hearers, make them fancy themſelves actually preſent in every Occurrence. But when you addreſs your Diſcourſe, not in general to all, but to one in particular, as here, **

You

* Iliad. o. ver. 698. † Arati Phænom. v. 287. || Herod. l. 2. c. 29. ** Iliad. ε. ver. 85.

[2] *You could not ſee, ſo fierce* Tydides *rag'd,*
Whether for Greece *or* Ilion *he engag'd.*

Mr. Pope.

By this Addreſs, you not only ſtrike more upon his Paſſions, but fill him with a more earneſt Attention, and a more anxious Impatience for the Event.

SECTION XXVII.

SOMETIMES when a Writer is ſaying any thing of a Perſon, he brings him in, by a ſudden Tranſition, to ſpeak for himſelf. This Figure produces a vehement and lively Pathetic.

[1] *Now* Hector, *with loud Voice, renew'd their Toils,*
Bad them aſſault the Ships and leave the Spoils;
But whom I find at diſtance from the Fleet,
He from this vengeful Arm his Death ſhall meet. †

That part of the Narration, which he could go through with decently, the Poet here aſſumes to himſelf, but, without any previous notice, claps this abrupt Menace into the Mouth of his angry Hero. How flat muſt it have ſounded, had he ſtop'd to put in, *Hector ſpoke thus, or thus?* But now the quickneſs of the

† Iliad. o. ver. 346.

Tranſition outſtrips the very Thought of the Poet.

Upon which Account, this Figure is then moſt ſeaſonably applied, when the preſſing Exigency of Time will not admit of any Stop or Delay, but even inforces a Tranſition from Perſons to Perſons, as in this Paſſage of [2] *Hecatæus*: "*Ceyx* very much troubled at theſe "Proceedings, immediately commanded all "the Deſcendents of the *Heraclidæ* to depart "his Territories, —— For I am unable to aſſiſt "you. To prevent therefore your own De-"ſtruction, and not to involve me in your "Ruin, go ſeek a Retreat amongſt another "People."

Demoſthenes has made uſe of this Figure in a different manner, and with much more Paſſion and Volubility, in his Oration againſt *Ariſtogiton* *: "And ſhall not one among you "boil with Wrath, when the Iniquity of this "inſolent and profligate Wretch is laid before "your Eyes? This inſolent Wretch, I ſay, "who —— Thou moſt abandoned Creature! "when excluded the liberty of ſpeaking, not "by Bars or Gates, for theſe indeed ſome "other might have burſt." — The Thought is here left imperfect and unfiniſhed, and he almoſt

* Orat. prima in Ariſtog. p. 486. ed. Paris.

moſt tears his Words aſunder to addreſs them at once to different Perſons: "Who — thou "moſt abandon'd Creature:" Having diverted his Diſcourſe from *Ariſtogiton*, and ſeemingly left him, he turns again upon him, and attacks him afreſh with more violent ſtrokes of Heat and Paſſion. So *Penelope* in *Homer* †,

The lordly Suitors ſend! But why muſt you
Bring baneful Mandates from that odious Crew?
What? muſt the faithful Servants of my Lord
Forego their Tasks for them to crown the Board?
I ſcorn their Love; and I deteſt their Sight;
And may they ſhare their laſt of Feaſts to-night!
Why thus, ungen'rous Men, devour my Son?
Why riot thus, till he be quite undone?
Heedleſs of him, yet timely hence retire,
And fear the Vengeance of his awful Sire.
Did not your Fathers oft his Might commend?
And Children you the wond'rous Tale attend?
That injur'd Hero you return'd may ſee;
Think what he was, and dread what he may be.

SECTION XXVIII.

THAT a Periphraſis (or Circumlocution) is a Cauſe of Sublimity, no body, I think, can deny. For as in Muſick an important Word is rendered more ſweet, by the Diviſions which are run harmoniouſly upon it; ſo a Periphraſis ſweetens

† Odyſ. Σ. ver. 681.

ſweetens a Diſcourſe carried on in propriety of Language, and contributes very much to the Ornament of it, eſpecially if there be no Jarring or Diſcord in it, but every part be judiciouſly and muſically tempered. This may be eſtabliſhed beyond diſpute from a Paſſage of *Plato*, in the beginning of his Funeral Oration. " ' We have now diſcharged the laſt Du- " ties we owe to theſe our departed Friends, " who thus provided, make the fatal Voyage. " They have been conducted publicly on " their way by the whole body of the City, " and in a private Capacity by their Parents " and Relations." Here he calls Death *the fatal Voyage*, and diſcharging the Funeral Offices, *a public conducting of them by their Country*. And who can deny that the Sentiment by this means is very much exalted? or that *Plato*, by infuſing a melodious Circumlocution, has temper'd a naked and barren Thought with Harmony and Sweetneſs? So *Xenophon**: " You look upon Toil as the Guide to a hap- " py Life. Your Souls are poſſeſs'd of the " beſt Qualification, that can adorn a martial " Breaſt. Nothing produces in you ſuch ſen- " ſible Emotions of Joy, as Commendation." By expreſſing an Inclination to endure Toil in

* Xenoph. Cyropæd. l. 1.

in this Circumlocution, "You look upon La-"bour as the Guide to a happy Life;" and by enlarging ſome other Words after the ſame manner, he has not only exalted the Senſe, but given new Grace to his Encomium. So that inimitable Paſſage of *Herodotus* *: "The "Goddeſs afflicted thoſe *Scythians*, who had "ſacrilegiouſly pillaged her Temple, with [2] the "Female Diſeaſe."

SECTION XXIX.

[1] Circumlocution is indeed more dangerous than any other kind of Figure, unleſs it be uſed with greater Circumſpection; it is otherwiſe very apt to grow trifling and inſipid, and ſavour ſtrongly of Pedantry and Dulneſs. For this Reaſon *Plato* (tho' for the generality ſuperior to all in his Figures, yet being ſometimes too laviſh of them) is ridicul'd very much for the following Expreſſion in his Treatiſe of Laws: † "It is not to be permitted, that "Wealth of either Gold or Silver ſhould get "footing or ſettle in a City." Had he, ſay the Critics, forbade the Poſſeſſion of Cattle, he might have called it *the Wealth of Mutton and Beef.*

* Herod. l. 1. c. 105. † Plato De legibus, l. 5. p. 741. ed. Par.

And now, what has been ſaid on this Subject, will I preſume, my dear *Terentianus*, abundantly ſhew, of what ſervice Figures may be in producing the Sublime. For it is manifeſt, that all I have mentioned, render Compoſitions more pathetic and affecting. For the Pathetic partakes as much of the Sublime, as writing exactly in Rule and Character can do of the Agreeable.

PART IV.

SECTION XXX.

BUT ſince the Sentiments and the Language of Compoſitions are generally beſt explained by the Light they throw upon one another, let us in the next place conſider, what it is that remains to be ſaid concerning the Diction. And here, that a judicious choice of proper and magnificent Terms has wonderful Effects in winning upon and entertaining an Audience, cannot, I think, be denied. For it is from hence, that the greateſt Writers derive with indefatigable Care the Grandeur, the Beauty, the Solemnity, the Weight, the Strength, and the Energy of their Expreſſions. This clothes a Compoſition in the moſt beautiful Dreſs, makes it ſhine like a Picture, in

all

all the Gaiety of Colour; and in a Word, it animates our Thoughts, and inſpires them with a kind of vocal Life. But it is needleſs to dwell upon theſe Particulars, before Perſons of ſo much Taſte and Experience. Fine Words are indeed the peculiar Light, in which our Thoughts muſt ſhine. But then it is by no means proper, that they ſhould every where ſwell and look big. For dreſſing up a trifling Subject in grand and exalted Expreſſions, makes the ſame ridiculous Appearance, as the enormous Mask of a Tragedian would do upon the diminutive Face of an Infant. But in Poetry * * * * * * * * * * * * * [*The Remainder of this Section is loſt.*] * * * * *

SECTION XXXI.

* * * * [*The Beginning of this Section is loſt.*] * * * * In this Verſe of *Anacreon* the Terms are vulgar, yet there is a Simplicity in it, which pleaſes, becauſe it is natural:

Nor ſhall this Thracian *vex me more!* [1]

And for this Reaſon, that celebrated Expreſſion of *Theopompus* ſeems to me the moſt ſignificant of any I ever met with, tho' *Cecilius* has

found ſomething to blame in it. "*Philip* "(ſays he) was uſed to ſwallow Affronts, in "compliance with the Exigencies of his Af- "airs."

2 Vulgar Terms are ſometimes much more ſignificant, than the moſt ornamental could poſſibly be. They are eaſily underſtood, becauſe borrowed from common Life; and what is moſt familiar to us, ſooneſt engages our Belief. Therefore when a Perſon, to promote his ambitious Deſigns, bears ill Treatment and Reproaches not only with Patience, but a ſeeming Pleaſure, to ſay that *he ſwallows Affronts*, is as happy and expreſſive a Phraſe as could poſſibly be invented. The following Paſſage from *Herodotus* in my Opinion comes very near it. * "*Cleomenes* (ſays he) being "ſeized with Madneſs, with a little Knife "that he had, cut his Fleſh into ſmall Pieces, "till having entirely mangled his Body, he "expired." And again, † "*Pythes* remain- "ing ſtill in the Ship, fought courageouſly, till "he was hack'd in pieces." Theſe Expreſſions approach near to Vulgar, but are far from having vulgar Significations.

SECTION

* Herod. l. 6. c. 75. † Ibid. l. 7. 181.

SECTION XXXII.

AS to a proper number of Metaphors, *Cecilius* has gone into their Opinion, who have ſettled it at two or three at moſt, in expreſſing the ſame Object. But in this alſo, let *Demoſthenes* be obſerved as our Model and Guide; and by him we ſhall find, that the proper Time to apply them, is, when the Paſſions are ſo much worked up, as to hurry on like a Torrent, and unavoidably carry along with them a whole crowd of Metaphors. [1] "Thoſe "proſtituted Souls, thoſe cringing Traitors, "thoſe Furies of the Commonwealth, who "have combined to wound and mangle their "Country, who have drank up its Liberty in "Healths, to *Philip* once, and ſince to *Alexander*, meaſuring their Happineſs by their "Belly and their Luſt. As for thoſe generous Principles of Honour, and that Maxim, "*Never to endure a Maſter*, which, to our "brave Fore-fathers, were the high Ambition "of Life, and the Standard of Felicity, theſe "they have quite ſubverted." Here, by means of this Multitude of Tropes, the Orator burſts out upon the Traitors in the warmeſt Indignation. It is however the Precept of *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus*, that bold Metaphors

phors ought to be introduced with ſome ſmall Alleviations; ſuch as, *if it may be ſo expreſs'd*, and *as it were*, and *if I may ſpeak with ſo much Boldneſs*. For this Excuſe, ſay they, very much palliates the Hardneſs of the Figures.

Such a Rule has a general Uſe, and therefore I admit it; yet ſtill I maintain what I advanced before in regard to Figures, that bold [2] Metaphors, and thoſe too in good plenty, are very ſeaſonable in a noble Compoſition, where they are always mitigated and ſoften'd, by the vehement Pathetic and generous Sublime diſperſed through the whole. For as it is the nature of the Pathetic and Sublime, to run rapidly along, and carry all before them, ſo they require the Figures, they are work'd up in, to be ſtrong and forcible, and do not ſo much as give leiſure to a Hearer, to cavil at their Number, becauſe they immediately ſtrike his Imagination, and inflame him with all the Warmth and Fire of the Speaker.

But further, in Illuſtrations and Deſcriptions, there is nothing ſo expreſſive and ſignificant, as a Chain of continued Tropes. By theſe has *Xenophon* * deſcribed, in ſo pompous and

[2] Ἀπομνημον. l. 1. c. 45. ed. Oxon.

and magnificent Terms, the Anatomy of the human Body. By theſe has *Plato* † deſcribed the ſame Thing, in ſo unparallel'd, ſo divine a manner. " The Head of Man he calls a Ci-" tadel. The Neck is an *Iſthmus* placed be-" tween the Head and the Breaſt. The *Ver-*" *tebræ* or Joints, on which it turns, are ſo " many Hinges. Pleaſure is the Bait, which " allures Men to Evil, and the Tongue is the " Informer of Taſtes. The Heart, being the " Knot of the Veins, and the Fountain from " whence the Blood ariſes, and briskly circu-" lates through all the Members, is a Watch-" tower completely fortified. The Pores he " calls narrow Streets. And becauſe the Heart " is ſubject to violent Palpitations, either when " diſturbed with Fear of ſome impending " Evil, or when inflamed with Wrath, the " Gods, ſays he, have provided againſt any " ill Effect that might hence ariſe, by giving " a Place in the Body to the Lungs, a ſoft " and bloodleſs Subſtance, furniſhed with in-" ward Vacuities, like a Sponge, that when-" ever Choler inflames the Heart, the Lungs " ſhould eaſily yield, ſhould gradually break " its violent Strokes, and preſerve it from " Harm. The Seat of the concupiſcible Paſ-" ſions,

† Plato in Timæo paſſim.

" ſions, he has named the Apartment of the " Women; the Seat of the Iraſcible, the " Apartment of the Men. The Spleen is " the Sponge of the Entrails, from whence " when filled with Excrements, it is ſwell'd " and bloated. Afterwards, proceeds he, the " Gods covered all thoſe Parts with Fleſh, " their Rampart and Defence againſt the Ex- " tremities of Heat and Cold, ſoft through- " out like a Cuſhion, and gently giving way " to outward Impreſſions. The Blood he calls " the Paſture of the Fleſh, and adds, that " for the ſake of nouriſhing the remoteſt " Parts, they opened the Body into a num- " ber of Rivulets, like a Garden well ſtock'd " with plenty of Canals, that the Veins might " by this means receive their ſupply of the " vital Moiſture from the Heart, as the com- " mon Source, and convey it thro' all the " Sluices of the Body. And at the Approach " of Death, the Soul, he ſays, is looſed, like " a Ship from her Cables, and left at the Li- " berty of driving at Pleaſure." Many other Turns of the ſame Nature in the Sequel might be adjoined, but theſe already abundantly ſhew, that Tropes are naturally endued with an Air of Grandeur, that Metaphors contribute very much to Sublimity, and are of very important

important Service, in deſcriptive and pathetic Compoſitions.

That the Uſe of Tropes, as well as of all other Things, which are ornamental in Diſcourſe, may be carried to exceſs, is obvious enough, tho' I ſhould not mention it. Hence it comes to paſs, that many ſeverely cenſure *Plato*, becauſe oftentimes, as if he was mad to utter his Words, he ſuffers himſelf to be hurried into raw undigeſted Metaphors, and a vain Pomp of Allegory. "For is it not (ſays "he) * eaſy to conceive, that a City ought to "reſemble a Goblet repleniſhed with a well-"tempered Mixture? where, when the foam-"ing Deity of Wine is poured in, it ſparkles "and fumes; but when chaſtiſed by another "more ſober Divinity, it joins in firm Al-"liance, and compoſes a pleaſant and pala-"table Liquor." For (ſay they) to call Water *a ſober Divinity*, and the Mixture *Chaſtiſement*, is a ſhrewd Argument, that the Author was not very ſober himſelf.

Cecilius had certainly theſe trifling Flouriſhes in view, when he had the Raſhneſs in his Eſſay on † *Lyſias*, to declare him much preferable to *Plato*; biaſs'd to it by two Paſſions equally indiſcreet. For tho' he loved *Lyſias*

* Plato, l. 6. De legibus, p. 773. ed Par.

Lyſias as well as his own ſelf, yet he hated *Plato* with more Violence, than he could poſſibly love *Lyſias*. Beſides, he was hurried on by ſo much Heat and Prejudice, as to preſume on the Conceſſion of certain Points, which never will be granted. For *Plato* being oftentimes faulty, he thence takes occaſion to cry up *Lyſias* for a faultleſs and conſummate Writer, which is ſo far from being Truth, that it has not ſo much as the ſhadow of it.

SECTION XXXIII.

BUT let us for once admit the poſſibility of a faultleſs and conſummate Writer, and then, will it not be worth while to conſider at large that important Queſtion, Whether in Poetry or Proſe, what is truly grand in the midſt of ſome Faults, be not preferable to that, which has nothing extraordinary in its beſt Parts, correct however throughout, and faultleſs? And further, Whether the Excellence of fine Writing conſiſts in the number of its Beauties, or in the Grandeur of its Strokes? For theſe Points, being peculiar to the Sublime, demand an Illuſtration.

I readily allow, that Writers of a lofty and towring Genius are by no means pure and correct,

fect, ſince whatever is neat and accurate throughout, muſt be exceedingly liable to Flatneſs. In the Sublime, as in great Affluence of Fortune, ſome minuter Articles will unavoidably eſcape Obſervation. But it is almoſt impoſſible for a low and grov'ling Genius to be guilty of Error, ſince he never endangers himſelf by ſoaring on high, or aiming at Eminence, but ſtill goes on in the ſame uniform ſecure Track, whilſt its very Height and Grandeur expoſes the Sublime to ſudden Falls. Nor am I ignorant indeed of another thing, which will no doubt be urged, that [1] in paſſing our Judgment upon the Works of an Author, we always muſter his Imperfections, ſo that the Remembrance of his Faults ſticks indelibly faſt in the Mind, whereas that of his Excellencies is quickly worn out. For my part, I have taken notice of no inconſiderable number of Faults in *Homer*, and ſome other of the greateſt Authors, and cannot by any means be blind or partial to them; however, [2] I judge them not to be voluntary Faults, ſo much as accidental Slips incurr'd thro' Inadvertence; ſuch as, when the Mind is intent upon Things of a higher nature, will creep inſenſibly into Compoſitions. And for this Reaſon I give it as my real Opinion, that the great and noble

Flights,

Flights, [3] tho' they cannot every where boaſt an Equality of Perfection, yet ought to carry off the Prize, by the ſole Merit of their own intrinſic Grandeur.

[4] *Apollonius*, Author of the *Argonautics*, was a Writer without a Blemiſh; and no one ever ſucceeded better in Paſtoral than *Theocritus*, excepting ſome Pieces where he has quitted his own Province. But yet, would you chuſe to be *Apollonius* or *Theocritus* rather than *Homer?* Is the Poet [5] *Eratoſthenes*, whoſe *Erigone* is a complete and delicate Performance, and not chargeable with one Fault, to be eſteem'd a ſuperior Poet to *Archilochus*, who flies off into many and brave Irregularities; a godlike Spirit bearing him forwards in the nobleſt Career, ſuch Spirit as will not bend to Rule, or eaſily brook Controul? In *Lyrics*, would you ſooner be [6] *Bacchylides* than *Pindar*, or *Io* the *Chian*, than the great *Sophocles? Bacchylides* and *Io* have written ſmoothly, delicately, and correctly, they have left nothing without the niceſt Decoration; but in *Pindar* and *Sophocles*, who carry Fire along with them thro' the Violence of their Motion, that very Fire is many times unſeaſonably quench'd, and then they drop moſt unfortunately down. But yet no one, I am certain,

tain, who has the leaſt Diſcernment, will ſcruple to prefer the ſingle [8] *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*, before all that *Io* ever compoſed.

SECTION XXXIV.

IF the Beauties of Writers are to be eſtimated by their Number, and not by their Quality or Grandeur, then *Hyperides* will prove far ſuperior to *Demoſthenes*. He has more Harmony and a finer Cadence, he has a greater number of Beauties, and thoſe in a degree almoſt next to excellent. He reſembles a Champion, who, profeſſing himſelf Maſter of the five Exerciſes, in each of them ſeverally muſt yield the Superiority to others, but in all together ſtands alone and unrivall'd. For *Hyperides* has in every Point, except the Structure of his Words, imitated all the Virtues of *Demoſthenes*, and has abundantly added [1] the Graces and Beauties of *Lyſias*. When his Subject demands Simplicity, his Stile is exquiſitely ſmooth; nor does he utter every thing, with one emphatical Air of Vehemence, like *Demoſthenes*. His Thoughts are always juſt and proper, tempered with moſt delicious Sweetneſs and the ſofteſt Harmony of Words. His Turns of Wit are inexpreſſibly fine. He raiſes a Laugh with the greateſt Art, and is prodi-

giouſly dextrous at Irony or Sneer. His Strokes of Raillery are far from ungenteel; by no means far-fetch'd, like thoſe of the depraved Imitators of *Attic* Neatneſs, but appoſite and proper. How skilful at evading an Argument! With what Humour does he ridicule, and with what Dexterity does he ſting in the midſt of a Smile! In a word, there are inimitable Graces in all he ſays. Never did any one more artfully excite Compaſſion; never was any more diffuſe in Narration; never any more dextrous at quitting and reſuming his Subject, with ſuch eaſy Addreſs, and ſuch pliant Activity. This plainly appears in his little poetical Fables of *Latona*; and beſides, he has compoſed a Funeral Oration with ſuch Pomp and Ornament, as I believe never will, or can, be equall'd.

Demoſthenes, on the other ſide, has been unſucceſsful in repreſenting the Humours and Characters of Men; he was a ſtranger to diffuſive Eloquence; aukward in his Addreſs; void of all Pomp and Show in his Language; and in a Word, for the moſt part deficient in all the Qualities aſcribed to *Hyperides*. Where his Subject compels him to be merry or facetious, he makes people laugh, but it is at himſelf. And the more he endeavours at Raillery,

lery, the more diſtant is he from it. [a] Had he ever attempted an Oration for a *Phryne* or an *Athenogenes*, he would in ſuch Attempts have only ſerved as a Foil to *Hyperides*.

Yet after all, in my Opinion, the numerous Beauties of *Hyperides* are far from having any inherent Greatneſs. They ſhew the Sedateneſs and Sobriety of the Author's Genius, but have not Force enough to enliven or to warm an Audience. No one that reads him, is ever ſenſible of extraordinary Emotion. Whereas *Demoſthenes* adding to a continued Vein of Grandeur and to Magnificence of Diction (the greateſt Qualifications requiſite in an Orator) ſuch lively Strokes of Paſſion, ſuch Copiouſneſs of Words, ſuch Addreſs, and ſuch Rapidity of Speech; and, what is his Maſterpiece, ſuch Force and Vehemence, as the greateſt Writers beſides durſt never aſpire to; being, I ſay, abundantly furniſhed with all theſe divine (it would be Sin to call them human) Abilities, he excels all before him in the Beauties which are really his own; and to atone for Deficiencies in thoſe he has not, overthrows all Opponents with the irreſiſtible Force, and the glittering Blaze, of his Lightning. For it is much eaſier to behold, with ſtedfaſt and undazzled Eyes, the flaſhing Light-

ning, than thoſe ardent Strokes of the Pathetic, which come ſo thick one upon another in his Orations.

SECTION XXXV.

THE Parallel between *Plato* and his Opponent muſt be drawn in a different Light. For *Lyſias* not only falls ſhort of him in the Excellence, but in the Number alſo, of his Beauties. And what is more, he not only falls ſhort of him in the number of his Beauties, but exceeds him vaſtly in the number of his Faults.

What then can we ſuppoſe that thoſe godlike Writers had in view, who laboured ſo much in raiſing their Compoſitions to the higheſt pitch of the Sublime, and look'd down with contempt upon Accuracy and Correctneſs?—Amongſt others, let this Reaſon be accepted. Nature never deſigned Man to be a grov'ling and ungenerous Animal, but brought him into Life, and placed him in the World, as in a crouded Theatre, not to be an idle Spectator, but ſpurr'd on by an eager Thirſt of excelling, ardently to contend in the Purſuit of Glory. For this purpoſe, ſhe implanted in his Soul an invincible Love of Grandeur, and a conſtant Emulation of whatever ſeems

to

to approach nearer to Divinity than himſelf. Hence it is, that the whole Univerſe is not ſufficient, for the extenſive Reach and piercing Speculation of the human Underſtanding. It paſſes the bounds of the material World, and launches forth at pleaſure into endleſs Space. Let any one take an exact Survey of a Life, which, in its every Scene, is conſpicuous on account of Excellence, Grandeur, and Beauty, and he will ſoon diſcern for what noble Ends we were born. Thus the Impulſe of Nature inclines us to admire, not a little clear tranſparent Rivulet that miniſters to our Neceſſities, but the *Nile*, the *Iſter*, the *Rhine*, or ſtill much more, the Ocean. We are never ſurprized at the ſight of a ſmall Fire that burns clear, and blazes out on our own private Hearth, but view with Amaze the celeſtial Fires, tho' they are often obſcured by Vapours and Eclipſes. Nor do we reckon any thing in nature more wonderful than the boiling Furnaces of *Ætna*, which caſt up Stones, and ſometimes whole Rocks, from their labouring Abyſs, and pour out whole Rivers of liquid and unmingled Flame. And from hence we may infer, that whatever is uſeful and neceſſary to Man, lies level to his Abilities, and is eaſily acquired; but whatever exceeds the

common Size, is always great, and always amazing.

SECTION XXXVI.

WITH regard therefore to thoſe Sublime Writers, whoſe Flight, however exalted, never fails of its Uſe and Advantage, we muſt add another Conſideration. — Thoſe other inferior Beauties ſhew their Authors to be Men, but the Sublime makes near Approaches to the Height of God. What is correct and faultleſs, comes off barely without Cenſure, but the Grand and the Lofty command Admiration. What can I add further? One exalted and ſublime Sentiment in thoſe noble Authors makes ample Amends for all their Defects. And what is moſt remarkable, were the Errors of *Homer*, *Demoſthenes*, *Plato*, and the reſt of the moſt celebrated Authors, to be cull'd carefully out and thrown together, they would not bear the leaſt proportion to thoſe infinite, thoſe inimitable Excellencies, which are ſo conſpicuous in theſe Heroes of Antiquity. And for this reaſon has every Age and every Generation, unmoved by Partiality and unbiaſſed by Envy, awarded the Lawrels to theſe great Maſters, which flouriſh ſtill green and

and unfading on their Brows, and will flouriſh,

As long as Streams in ſilver Mazes rove,
Or Spring with annual Green renews the Grove.
Fenton.

A certain Writer objects here, that an ill-wrought [2] *Coloſſus* cannot be ſet upon the level with a little Faultleſs Statue; for Inſtance, * the little Soldier of *Polycletus*; but the Anſwer to this is very obvious. In the Works of Art we have regard to exact Proportion; in thoſe of Nature, to Grandeur and Magnificence. Now Speech is a Gift beſtowed upon us by Nature. As therefore Reſemblance and Proportion to the Originals is required in Statues, ſo in the noble Faculty of Diſcourſe there ſhould be ſomething extraordinary, ſomething more than humanly great.

But to cloſe this long Digreſſion, which had been more regularly placed at the beginning of the Treatiſe; ſince it muſt be owned, that it is the Buſineſs of Art to avoid Defect and Blemiſh, and almoſt an Impoſſibility in the Sub-

* *The* Doryphorus, *a ſmall Statue by* Polycletus *a celebrated Statuary. The Proportions were ſo finely obſerved in it, that* Lyſippus *profeſſed he had learned all his Art from the Study and Imitation of it.*

lime, always to preſerve the ſame majeſtic Air, the ſame exalted Tone, Art and Nature ſhould join hands, and mutually aſſiſt one another. For from ſuch Union and Alliance Perfection muſt certainly reſult.

Theſe are the Deciſions I have thought proper to make concerning the Queſtions in debate. I pretend not to ſay they are abſolutely right; let thoſe who are willing, make uſe of their own Judgment.

SECTION XXXVII.

TO return. [1] Similes and Compariſons bear ſo near an affinity to Metaphors, as to differ from them only in one Particular * * * * * * [*The Remainder of this Section is loſt.* * * * * * *

SECTION XXXVIII.

* * * * [*The Beginning of this Section on Hyperboles is loſt.*] * * * * * * * * * As this Hyperbole, for inſtance, is exceeding bad, "If you carry not your Brains "in the Soles of your Feet, and tread upon "them *." One Conſideration therefore muſt always be attended to, "How far the Thought "can

* Demoſthenis ſeu potius Hegeſippi Orat. de Haloneſo, ad finem.

" can properly be carried." For over-ſhooting the Mark often ſpoils an Hyperbole; and whatever is over-ſtretched, loſes its Tone, and immediately relaxes; nay, ſometimes produces an Effect contrary to that for which it was intended. Thus *Iſocrates*, childiſhly ambitious of ſaying nothing without Enlargement, has fallen into a ſhameful Puerility. The End and Deſign of his Panegyric [1] is to prove, that the *Athenians* had done greater Service to the united Body of *Greece*, than the *Lacedemonians*; and this is his Beginning: " The Virtue and Efficacy of Eloquence is " ſo great, as to be able to render great Things " contemptible, to dreſs up trifling Subjects " in Pomp and Show, to clothe what is old " and obſolete, in a new Dreſs, and put off " new Occurrences in an Air of Antiquity." And will it not be immediately demanded?— Is this what you are going to practiſe with regard to the Affairs of the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians*? — For this ill-timed Encomium of Eloquence is an inadvertent Admonition to the Audience, not to liſten or give credit to what he ſays.

[2] Thoſe Hyperboles in ſhort are the beſt (as I have before obſerved of Figures) which have neither the Appearance nor Air of Hyperboles.

And

And this never fails to be the State of thoſe, which in the heat of a Paſſion flow out in the midſt of ſome grand Circumſtance. Thus *Thucydides* has dextrouſly applied one to his Countrymen that periſhed in *Sicily**. "The "*Syracuſans* (ſays he) came down upon them, "and made a Slaughter chiefly of thoſe who "were in the River. The Water was im- "mediately diſcoloured with Blood. But the "Stream polluted with Mud and Gore, de- "terred them not from drinking it greedily, "nor many of them from fighting deſperately "for a Draught of it." A Circumſtance ſo uncommon and affecting gives thoſe Expreſſions of *drinking Mud and Gore*, and *fighting deſperately for it*, an Air of probability.

Herodotus has uſed a like Hyperbole concerning thoſe Warriors who fell at *Thermopylæ*†: "In this Place they defended themſelves, with "the Weapons that were left, and with their "Hands and Teeth, till they were buried un- "der the Arrows of Barbarians." Is it poſſible, you will ſay, for Men to defend themſelves with their Teeth, againſt the Fury and Violence of armed Aſſailants? Is it poſſible that Men could be buried under Arrows? Notwith-

* Thucydid. l. 7. p. 446. ed Oxon. † Herod. l. 7. c. 225.

Notwithſtanding all this, there is a ſeeming probability in it. For the Circumſtance does not appear to have been fitted to the Hyperbole, but the Hyperbole ſeems to be the neceſſary Production of the Circumſtance. For applying theſe ſtrong Figures, only where the heat of Action, or impetuoſity of Paſſion, demands them (a Point I ſhall never ceaſe to inſiſt upon) very much ſoftens and mitigates the Boldneſs of too daring Expreſſions. [3] So in Comedy, Circumſtances wholly abſurd and incredible paſs off very well, becauſe they anſwer their end, and raiſe a Laugh. As in this Paſſage: "He was Owner of a Piece of "Ground not ſo large as [4] a *Lacedemonian* "Letter." For Laughter is a Paſſion ariſing from ſome inward Pleaſure.

But Hyperboles equally ſerve to two Purpoſes; they enlarge, and they leſſen. Stretching any Thing beyond its natural Size is the Property of both. And the Diaſyrm (the other Species of the Hyperbole) increaſes the Lowneſs of any Thing, or renders Trifles more trifling. [5]

PART

PART V.

SECTION XXXIX.

WE have now, my Friend, brought down our Enquiries to [1] the fifth and laſt Source of Sublimity, which, according to the Diviſions premiſed at firſt, is the Compoſition or Structure of the Words. And tho' I have drawn up, in two former Treatiſes, whatever Obſervations I had made on this Head, yet the preſent Occaſion lays me under a neceſſity of making ſome Additions here.

Harmonious Compoſition has not only a natural tendency to pleaſe and to perſuade, but inſpires us, to a wonderful degree, with generous Ardor and Paſſion. [2] Fine Notes in Muſic have a ſurprizing Effect on the Paſſions of an Audience. Do they not fill the Breaſt with inſpired Warmth, and lift up the Heart into heavenly Tranſport? The very Limbs receive Motion from the Notes, and the Hearer, tho' he has no Skill at all in Muſic, is ſenſible however, that all its Turns make a ſtrong Impreſſion on his Body and Mind. The Sounds of any muſical Inſtrument are in themſelves inſignificant, yet by the Changes of the Air, the Agreement of the Chords, and Sympho-

ny

ny of the Parts, they give extraordinary Pleaſure, as we daily experience, to the Minds of an Audience. Yet theſe are only ſpurious Images and faint Imitations of the perſuaſive Voice of Man, and far from the genuine Effects and Operations of human Nature.

What an Opinion therefore may we juſtly form of fine Compoſition, the Effect of that Harmony, which Nature has implanted in the Voice of Man? It is made up of Words, which by no means die upon the Ear, but ſink within, and reach the Underſtanding. And then, does it not inſpire us with fine Ideas of Sentiments and Things, of Beauty and of Order, Qualities of the ſame Date and Exiſtence with our Souls? Does it not, by an elegant Structure and marſhalling of Sounds, convey the Paſſions of the Speaker into the Breaſts of his Audience? Then, does it not ſeize their Attention, and by framing an Edifice of Words to ſuit the Sublimity of Thoughts, delight, and tranſport, and raiſe thoſe Ideas of Dignity and Grandeur, which it ſhares itſelf, and was deſigned, by the Aſcendent it gains upon the Mind, to excite in others? But it is Folly to endeavour to prove what all the World will allow to be true. For Experience is an indiſputable Conviction.

That

That Sentiment ſeems very lofty, and juſtly deſerves Admiration, which *Demoſthenes* immediately ſubjoins to the Decree*. Τοῦτο τὸ ψήφισμα τὸν τότε τῇ πόλει περιστάντα κίνδυνον παρελθὸν ἐποίησεν ὥσπερ νέφος. "This very Decree ſcat-"tered, like a Vapour, the Danger, which "at that Time hung hovering over the "City." Yet the Sentiment itſelf is not more to be admired, than the Harmony of the Period. It conſiſts throughout of *Dactylics*, the fineſt Meaſure, and moſt conducing to Sublimity. And hence are they admitted into Heroic Verſe, univerſally allowed to be the moſt noble of all. But for further Satisfaction, only tranſpoſe a Word or two, juſt as you pleaſe; Τοῦτο τὸ ψήφισμα, ὥσπερ νέφος, ἐποίησε τὸν τότε κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν· or take away a Syllable, ἐποίησε παρελθεῖν ὡς νέφος, and you will quickly diſcern how much Harmony conſpires with Sublimity. In ὥσπερ νέφος, the firſt Word moves along in a ſtately Meaſure of four Times, and when one Syllable is taken away, as ὡς νέφος, the Subtraction maims the Sublimity. So on the other Side, if you lengthen it, παρελθεῖν ἐποίησε ὥσπερεὶ νέφος, the Senſe indeed is ſtill preſerved, but the Cadence is entirely loſt, For the Grandeur of the Period languiſheth

* Orat. De corona, p. 114. ed. Oxon.

languiſheth and relaxeth, when enfeebled by the Streſs that muſt be laid upon the additional Syllable.

SECTION XL.

BUT amongſt other Methods, an apt Connexion of the Parts conduces as much to the aggrandizing Diſcourſe [1], as Symmetry in the Members of the Body to a majeſtic Mein. If they are taken apart, each ſingle Member will have no Beauty or Grandeur, but when skilfully knit together, they produce what is called a fine Perſon. So the conſtituent Parts of noble Periods, when rent aſunder and divided, in the Act of Diviſion fly off and loſe their Sublimity; but when united into one Body, and aſſociated together by the Bond of Harmony, they join to promote their own Elevation, and by their Union and Multiplicity beſtow a more emphatical Turn upon every Period. Thus ſeveral Poets, and other Writers, poſſeſſed of no natural Sublimity, or rather entire Strangers to it, have very frequently made uſe of common and vulgar Terms, that have not the leaſt air of Elegance to recommend them, yet by muſically diſpoſing and artfully connecting ſuch Terms, they clothe their Periods in a kind of Pomp and Exal-

tation,

tation, and dextrouſly conceal their intrinſic Lowneſs.

Many Writers have ſucceeded by this Method, but eſpecially [2] *Philiſtus*, as alſo *Ariſtophanes*, in ſome Paſſages, and *Euripides* in very many. Thus *Hercules*, after the Murder of his Children, cries, *

Troubles ſo numerous fill my crouded Mind,
That not one more can hope a Place to find.

The Words are very vulgar, but their Turn anſwering ſo exactly to the Senſe, gives the Period an exalted Air. And if you tranſpoſe them into any other Order, you will quickly be convinced, that *Euripides* excels more in fine Compoſition than in fine Sentiments. So in his Deſcription of *Dirce* dragg'd along by the Bull,

Whene'er the mad'ning Creature rag'd about
And whirl'd his Bulk around in aukward Circles,
The Dame, the Oak, the Rock were dragg'd along.

The Thought itſelf is noble, but is more enobled, becauſe the Terms uſed in it are harmonious, and neither run too haſtily off the Ear, nor are as it were mechanically accelerated. They are diſpoſed into due Pauſes, mutually

* Euripid. Hercules furens, ver. 1250. ed. Barnes.

mutually ſupporting one another; theſe Pauſes are all of a ſlow and ſtately Meaſure, ſedately mounting to ſolid and ſubſtantial Grandeur.

SECTION XLI.

NOTHING ſo much debaſes Sublimity, as broken and precipitate Meaſures, ſuch as *Pyrrics*, *Trochees*, and *Dichorees*, that are fit for nothing but Dances. Periods tuned in theſe Numbers, are indeed neat and briſk, but devoid of Paſſion; and their Cadence being eternally the ſame, becomes very diſagreeable. But what is ſtill worſe, as in Songs the Notes divert the Mind from the Senſe, and make us attentive only to the Muſic; ſo theſe briſk and rhyming Periods never raiſe in the Audience any Paſſion ſuitable to the Subject, but only an Attention to the Run of the Words. Hence, foreſeeing the Places where they muſt neceſſarily reſt, they have Geſtures anſwering to every Turn, can even beat the Time, and tell beforehand, as exactly as in a Dance, where the Pauſe will be.

In like manner, Periods forced into too narrow Compaſs, and pent up in Words of ſhort and few Syllables, or that are as it were nailed together in an aukward and

clumſy manner, are always deſtitute of Grandeur.

SECTION XLII.

CONTRACTION of Stile is another great Diminution of Sublimity. Grandeur requires Room, and when under too much Confinement, cannot move ſo freely as it ought. I do not mean here Periods, that demand a proper Conciſeneſs; but, on the contrary, thoſe that are curtailed and minced. Too much Contraction lays a Reſtraint upon the Senſe, but Conciſeneſs ſtrengthens and adjuſts it. And on the other ſide, it is evident, that, when Periods are ſpun out into a vaſt extent, their Life and Spirit evaporate, and all their Strength is loſt, by being quite overſtretched.

SECTION XLIII.

LOW and ſordid Words are terrible Blemiſhes to fine Sentiments. Thoſe of *Herodotus*, in his Deſcription of a Tempeſt, are divinely noble, but the Terms, in which they are expreſſed, very much tarniſh and impair their Luſtre. Thus when he ſays, * "The "Seas began [1] to ſeeth," how does the uncouth

* Herod. l. 7. c. 191.

couth Sound of the Word *ſeeth*, leſſen the Grandeur? And further, "The Wind (ſays "he) was tired out, and thoſe who were "wreck'd in the Storm, ended their Lives ve"ry diſagreeably." To be *tired out*, is a mean and vulgar Term; and that, *diſagreeably*, a Word highly diſproportioned to the tragical Event it is uſed to expreſs.

[2] *Theopompus*, in like manner, after ſetting out ſplendidly in deſcribing the *Perſian* Expedition into *Egypt*, has ſpoiled all, by the Intermixture of ſome low and trivial Words. "What City or what Nation was there in all "*Aſia*, which did not compliment the King "with an Embaſſy? What Rarity was there "either of the Produce of the Earth, or "the Work of Art, with which he was not "preſented? How many rich and gorgeous "Carpets, with Veſtments purple, white, and "particoloured? How many Tents of gold"en Texture, ſuitably furniſhed with all "Neceſſaries? How many embroidered Robes "and ſumptuous Beds, beſides an immenſe "quantity of wrought Silver and Gold, Cups "and Goblets, ſome of which you might "ſee adorned with precious Stones, and o"thers embelliſhed with moſt exquiſite Art "and coſtly Workmanſhip? Add to theſe

clumſy manner, are always deſtitute of Grandeur.

SECTION XLII.

CONTRACTION of Stile is another great Diminution of Sublimity. Grandeur requires Room, and when under too much Confinement, cannot move ſo freely as it ought. I do not mean here Periods, that demand a proper Conciſeneſs; but, on the contrary, thoſe that are curtailed and minced. Too much Contraction lays a Reſtraint upon the Senſe, but Conciſeneſs ſtrengthens and adjuſts it. And on the other ſide, it is evident, that, when Periods are ſpun out into a vaſt extent, their Life and Spirit evaporate, and all their Strength is loſt, by being quite overſtretched.

SECTION XLIII.

LOW and ſordid Words are terrible Blemiſhes to fine Sentiments. Thoſe of *Herodotus*, in his Deſcription of a Tempeſt, are divinely noble, but the Terms, in which they are expreſſed, very much tarniſh and impair their Luſtre. Thus when he ſays, * "The "Seas began [1] to ſeeth," how does the uncouth

* Herod. l. 7. c. 191.

couth Sound of the Word *ſeeth*, leſſen the Grandeur? And further, "The Wind (ſays "he) was tired out, and thoſe who were "wreck'd in the Storm, ended their Lives ve"ry diſagreeably." To be *tired out*, is a mean and vulgar Term; and that, *diſagreeably*, a Word highly diſproportioned to the tragical Event it is uſed to expreſs.

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" innumerable ſorts of Arms, *Grecian*, and " *Barbarian*, Beaſts of Burden beyond com- " putation, and Cattle fit to form the moſt " luxurious Repaſts. And further, how many " Buſhels of Pickles and preſerved Fruits? " How many Hampers, Packs of Paper, " and Books, and all Things beſides, that " Neceſſity or Convenience could require? " In a Word, there was ſo great abundance " of all ſorts of Fleſh ready ſalted, that " when put together, they ſwell'd to pro- " digious Heights, and were regarded by " Perſons at a diſtance, as ſo many Mountains " or Hillocks piled one upon another." He has here ſunk from a proper Elevation of his Senſe to a ſhameful Lowneſs, at that very Inſtant, when his Subject required an Enlargement. And beſides, by his confuſed mixture of Baskets, of Pickles, and of Bags, in the Narrative of ſo grand Preparations, he has ſhifted the Scene, and preſented us with a Kitchen. If upon making preparation for any grand Expedition, any one ſhould bring and throw down a parcel of Hampers and Packs, in the midſt of maſſy Goblets adorned with ineſtimable Stones, or of Silver emboſſed, and Tents of golden Stuffs, what an unſeemly Spectacle would ſuch a Gallimawfry

preſent

preſent to the Eye! It is the ſame with Deſcription, in which theſe low Terms, unſeaſonably applied, become ſo many Blemiſhes and Flaws.

Now he might have ſatisfied himſelf with giving, only a ſummary Account of thoſe Mountains (as he ſays they were thought) of Proviſions, and when he came to other particulars of the Preparations, might have varied his Narration thus: "There was a great mul-"titude of Camels and other Beaſts, loaden "with all ſorts of Meat requiſite either for "Satiety or Delicacy:" or have termed them, "Heaps of all ſorts of Viands, that would "ſerve as well to form an exquiſite Repaſt, "as to gratify the niceſt Palate;" or rather, to comply with his Humour of relating Things exactly, "all that Caterers and Cooks could "prepare, as nice and delicate."

In the Sublime, we ought never to take up with ſordid and blemiſhed Terms, unleſs reduced to it by the moſt urgent Neceſſity. The Dignity of our Words ought always to be proportion'd to the Dignity of our Sentiments.

Here we ſhould imitate the Proceeding of Nature in the human Fabric, who has neither placed thoſe Parts, which it is indecent to mention, nor the Vents of the Excrements, in

open view, but concealed them as much as is poſſible, and "removed their Channels (to "make uſe of *Xenophon*'s Words*) to the "greateſt diſtance from the Eyes," thereby to preſerve the Beauty of the Animal entire and unblemiſhed. [3]

To purſue this Topic further, by a particular Recital of whatever diminiſhes and impairs the Sublime, would be a needleſs Task. We have already ſhewn what Methods elevate and enoble, and it is obvious to every one, that their oppoſites muſt lower and debaſe it.

SECTION XLIV.

SOMETHING yet remains to be ſaid, which, becauſe it ſuits well with your inquiſitive Diſpoſition, I ſhall not be averſe to enlarge upon. It is not long ſince a Philoſopher of my Acquaintance diſcourſed me in the following manner.

It is, *ſaid he*, to me, as well as to many others, a juſt Matter of Surprize, how it comes to paſs, that in the Age we live, there are many Genius's well-practiſed in the Arts of Eloquence and Perſuaſion, that can diſcourſe with Dexterity and Strength, and embelliſh their Stile in a very graceful manner, but

* Xenoph. Ἀπομνημον. l. 3. p. 45. edit. Oxon.

but none (or ſo few, that they are next to none) who may be ſaid to be truly great and ſublime. The Scarcity of ſuch Writers is general throughout the World. May we believe at laſt, that there is Solidity in that trite Obſervation, That Democracy is the Nurſe of true Genius; that fine Writers will be found only in this ſort of Government, with which they flouriſh and triumph, or decline and die? Liberty, it is ſaid, produces fine Sentiments in Men of Genius, it invigorates their Hopes, excites an honourable Emulation, and inſpires an Ambition and Thirſt of excelling. And what is more, in free States there are Prizes to be gained, which are worth diſputing. So that by this means, the natural Faculties of the Orators are ſharpen'd and poliſh'd by continual Practice, and the Liberty of their Thoughts, as it is reaſonable to expect, ſhines conſpicuouſly out, in the Liberty of their Debates.

But for our Parts, purſued he, 'we were born in Subjection, in lawful Subjection it is true, to arbitrary Government. Hence, the prevailing Manners made too ſtrong an Impreſſion on our infant Minds, and the Infection was ſucked in with the Milk of our Nurſes. We have never taſted Liberty, that

copious and fertile Source of all that is beautiful and of all that is great, and hence are we nothing but pompous Flatterers. It is from hence, that we may ſee all other Qualifications diſplayed to perfection, in the Minds of Slaves; but never yet, did a Slave become an Orator. His Spirit being effectually broke, the timorous Vaſſal will ſtill be uppermoſt; the habit of Subjection continually over-awes and beats down his Genius. For, according to *Homer*, *

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever Day
Makes Man a Slave, takes half his Worth away.
Mr. Pope.

Thus I have heard (if what I have heard in this Caſe may deſerve credit) that the Caſes in which Dwarfs are kept, not only prevent the future Growth of thoſe who are incloſed in them, but diminiſh what Bulk they already have, by too cloſe Conſtriction of their Parts. So Slavery, be it never ſo eaſy, yet is Slavery ſtill, and may deſervedly be called, the Priſon of the Soul, and the public Dungeon.

Here

* Odyſſ. ρ. ver. 322.

Here I interrupted. Such Complaints, as yours againſt the preſent Times, are generally heard, and eaſily made. But are you ſure, that this Corruption of Genius is not owing to the profound Peace, which reigns throughout the World? Or rather, does it not flow from the War within us, and the ſad Effects of our own turbulent Paſſions? Thoſe Paſſions plunge us into the worſt of Slaveries, and tyrannically drag us wherever they pleaſe. Avarice (that Diſeaſe, of which the whole World is ſick beyond a Cure) aided by Voluptuouſneſs, holds us faſt in Chains of Thraldom, or rather, if I may ſo expreſs it, overwhelms Life itſelf, as well as all that live, in the depths of Miſery. For Love of Money is the Diſeaſe, which renders us moſt abject; and Love of Pleaſure is that, which renders us moſt corrupt. I have indeed thought much upon it, but after all judge it impoſſible for the Purſuers, or, to ſpeak more truly, the Adorers and Worſhipers of immenſe Riches, to preſerve their Souls from the Infection of thoſe Vices, which are firmly allied to them. For Profuſeneſs will be, wherever there is Affluence. They are firmly link'd together, and conſtant Attendants upon one another. Wealth unbars the Gates of Cities, and opens the

Doors

vals of the Diſeaſe, our faint Endeavours aim at nothing but Pleaſure and empty Oſtentation, too weak and languid for thoſe high Acquiſitions, which take their Riſe from noble Emulation, and end in real Advantage and ſubſtantial Glory.

Here perhaps it may be proper to drop this Subject, and purſue our Buſineſs. [2] We come now to the Paſſions, an Account of which I have promiſed before in a diſtinct Treatiſe, ſince they not only conſtitute the Ornaments and Beauties of Diſcourſe, but (if I am not miſtaken) have a great ſhare in the Sublime.

NOTES

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

SECT. I.

1 *My dear* Terentianus.] Who this *Terentianus*, or *Poſthumius Terentianus*, was, to whom the Author addreſſes this Treatiſe, is not poſſible to be diſcovered, nor is it of any great Importance. But it appears, from ſome Paſſages in the Sequel of this Work, that he was a young *Roman*, a Perſon of a bright Genius, an elegant Taſte, and a particular Friend to *Longinus*. What he ſays of him, I'm confident, was ſpoken with Sincerity more than Complaiſance, ſince *Longinus* muſt have diſdained to flatter, like a modern Dedicator.

2 Cecilius's *Treatiſe on the Sublime.*] *Cecilius* was a *Sicilian* Rhetorician. He lived under *Auguſtus*, and was contemporary with *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, with whom he contracted a very cloſe Friendſhip. He is thought to have been the firſt, who wrote on the Sublime.

3 *Thoſe who write for the World, or ſpeak in public.*] I take all this to be implied in the original Word πολιτικοῖς.

4 *The Sublime, when ſeaſonably addreſſed*, &c.] This Sentence is inimitably fine in the Original. Dr. *Pearce* has an ingenious Obſervation upon it. "It is not

"eaſy

" eaſy (ſays he) to determine, whether the Precepts " of *Longinus*, or his Example, be moſt to be obſerv- " ed and followed in the courſe of this Work, ſince " his Stile is poſſeſſed of all the Sublimity of his " Subject. Accordingly, in this Paſſage, to expreſs " the Power of the Sublime, he has made uſe of his " Words, with all the Art and Propriety imaginable. " Another Writer would have ſaid διαφορεῖ and " ἐνδείκνυται, but this had been too dull and languid. " Our Author uſes the Preterperfect Tenſe, the bet- " ter to expreſs the Power and Rapidity, with " which Sublimity of Diſcourſe ſtrikes the Minds " of its Hearers. It is like Lightning (ſays our Au- " thor) becauſe you can no more look upon this, " when preſent, than you can upon the Flaſh of that. " Beſides, the Structure of the Words in the Cloſe " of the Sentence is admirable. They run along, and " are hurried in the Celerity of ſhort Vowels. They " repreſent to the Life the rapid Motion, either of " Lightning, or the Sublime."

SECT. II.

1 *Tho' Nature for the moſt part challenges*, &c.] Theſe Obſervations of *Longinus*, and the following Lines of Mr. *Pope*, are a very proper Illuſtration for one another.

Firſt follow Nature, and your Judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal Light,
Life, Force, and Beauty muſt to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Teſt of Art.

Art

Art from that Fund each juſt Supply provides,
Works without Shew, and without Pomp preſides:
In ſome fair Body thus the ſecret Soul
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the whole;
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve ſuſtains,
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' Effect remains.
There are, whom Heav'n has bleſt with Store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For Wit and Judgment ever are at Strife,
Tho' meant each others aid, like Man and Wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's Steed,
Reſtrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed;
The winged Courſer, like a gen'rous Horſe,
Shews moſt true Mettle, when you check his Courſe.

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

SECT. III.

1 *Making* Boreas *a Piper*] *Shakeſpear* has fallen into the ſame kind of Bombaſt:

——— *the Southern Wind*
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purpoſes.

Firſt Part of *Henry* IV.

2 Gorgias *the* Leontine, *&c.*] *Gorgias* the *Leontine*, or of *Leontium*, was a *Sicilian* Rhetorician, and Father of the Sophiſts. He was in ſuch univerſal Eſteem throughout *Greece*, that a Statue was erected to his Honour in the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, of ſolid Gold, tho' the Cuſtom had been, only to gild them. His ſtiling *Xerxes* the *Perſian Jupiter*, it is thought, may be defended from the Cuſtom of the *Perſians*, to ſalute their Monarch by that high Title. Calling

Vultures

Vultures *Living Sepulchres*, has been more ſeverely cenſur'd by *Hermogenes* than *Longinus*. The Authors of ſuch quaint Expreſſions, as he ſays, deſerve themſelves to be buried in ſuch Tombs. 'Tis certain that Writers of great Reputation have uſed Alluſions of the ſame Nature. Dr. *Pearce* has produced inſtances from *Ovid*, and even from *Cicero*; and obſerved further, that *Gregory Nazianzen* has ſtiled thoſe wild Beaſts that devour men, *Running Sepulchres*. However, at beſt they are but Conceits, with which little Wits in all Ages will be delighted, the great may accidentally ſlip into, and ſuch, as Men of true Judgment may over-look, but will hardly commend.

3 *Calliſtenes.*] He ſucceeded *Ariſtotle* in the Tuition of *Alexander* the Great, and wrote a Hiſtory of the Affairs of *Greece*.

4 *Clitarchus*] He wrote an Account of the Exploits of *Alexander* the Great, having attended him in his Expeditions. *Demetrius Phalereus*, in his Treatiſe on Elocution, has cenſur'd his ſwelling Deſcription of a Waſp. "It feeds, ſays he, upon the Mountains, "and flies into hollow Oaks." It ſeems as if he was ſpeaking of a wild Bull, or the Boar of *Erymanthus*, and not of ſuch a pitiful Creature as a Waſp. And for this Reaſon, ſays *Demetrius*, the Deſcription is cold and diſagreeable.

5 *Amphicrates.*] He was an *Athenian* Orator. Being baniſhed to *Seleucia*, and requeſted to ſet up a School there, he replied with Arrogance and Diſdain, that "*The Diſh was not large enough for Dolphins.*" Dr. *Pearce*.

6 *Hegeſias*

6 *Hegeſias.*] *Hegeſias* was a *Magneſian*. *Cicero* in his *Orator*, *c.* 226. ſays humorouſly of him, "He is "faulty no leſs in his Thoughts than his Expreſſions, "ſo that no one who has any Knowledge of him, "need ever be at a Loſs for a Man to call Imper- "tinent." One of his frigid Expreſſions is ſtill remaining. *Alexander* was born the ſame Night that the Temple of *Diana* at *Epheſus*, the fineſt Edifice in the World, was by a terrible Fire reduced to Aſhes. *Hegeſias* in a panegyrical Declamation on *Alexander* the Great, attempted thus to turn that Accident to his Honour: "No wonder, ſaid he, that *Diana*'s Temple "was conſumed by ſo terrible a Conflagration: The "Goddeſs was ſo taken up in aſſiſting at *Olinthia*'s "Delivery of *Alexander*, that ſhe had no leiſure to "extinguiſh the Flames, which were deſtroying her "Temple." "The Coldneſs of this Expreſſion, "ſays *Plutarch in Alex.* is ſo exceſſively great, that "it ſeems ſufficient of itſelf to have extinguiſhed the "Fire of the Temple."

I wonder *Plutarch*, who has given ſo little Quarter to *Hegeſias*, has himſelf eſcaped Cenſure, till Dr. *Pearce* took cognizance of him. "Dullneſs, ſays he, is "ſometimes infectious; for while *Plutarch* is cen- "ſuring *Hegeſias*, he falls into his very Character."

7 *Matris.*] Who *Matris* was I cannot find, but Commentators obſerve from *Athenæus*, that he wrote in Proſe an Encomium upon *Hercules*. *

8 *Theodorus.*] *Theodorus* is thought to have been born at *Gadara*, and to have taught at *Rhodes*. *Tiberius*

* Vid. Cic. l. 4. Rhetoricorum, p. 97. ed. Delph. vol. 1. What is ſaid there about the *Sufflata conſtructio verborum*, agrees very exactly with *Longinus*'s Senſe of the Bombaſt.

rius Cæſar, according to *Quinctilian*, is reported to have heard him with Application, during his Retirement in that Iſland. *Langbaine.*

SECT. IV.

1 *Timæus.*] *Timæus* was a *Sicilian* Hiſtorian. *Cicero* has ſketched a ſhort Character of him in his *Orator*, *l.* 2. *c.* 14. which agrees very well with the favourable part of that which is drawn in this Section. But *Longinus* takes notice further of his Severity to others, which even drew upon him the Sur-name of *Epitimæus*, from the Greek ἐπιτιμᾷν, becauſe he was continually chiding and finding Fault.

2 *Than the Virgins in their Eyes.*] *Xenophon*, in this Paſſage, is ſhewing the Care, which that excellent Lawgiver *Lycurgus* took, to accuſtom the *Spartan* Youth to a grave and modeſt Behaviour. He injoin'd them, whenever they appear'd in public, "to cover "their arms with their Gown, to walk ſilently, to "keep their Eyes from wandering by looking "always directly before them." Hence it was, that they differ'd from Statues only in their Motion. But undoubtedly that Turn upon the Word κόρη, here blamed by *Longinus*, would be a great Blemiſh to this fine Piece, if it were juſtly chargeable on the Author. But *Longinus* muſt needs have made uſe of a very incorrect Copy, which, by an unpardonable Blunder, had ἐν τοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς inſtead of ἐν τοῖς θαλάμοις, as it ſtands now in the beſt Editions, particularly that at *Paris* by *H. Stephens*. This quite removes the cold and inſipid Turn, and reſtores a Senſe which is worthy of *Xenophon*: "You would "think them more modeſt in their whole Behaviour, "than Virgins in the bridal Bed."

3 The

3 *The very day when —— a veil*] All this is implied in the Word ἀνακαλυπτηρίων. It was the Cuſtom throughout *Greece*, and the *Grecian* Colonies, for the unmarried Women never to appear in public, or to converſe with Men, without a veil. The ſecond or third Day after Marriage, it was uſual for the Bridegroom to make Preſents to his Bride, which were called ἀνακαλυπτήρια, for then ſhe immediately unveil'd, and Liberty was given him to converſe freely with her ever after. *See* Potter's *Antiquities*, v. ii. p. 294-5.

4 *When he calls —— of the Eye.*] The Critics are ſtrangely divided about the Juſtice of this Remark. Authorities are urged, and parallel Expreſſions quoted on both ſides. *Longinus* blames it, but afterwards candidly alledges the only Plea, which can be urged in its favour, that it was ſaid by drunken *Barbarians*. And who, but ſuch Sots, would have given the moſt delightful Objects in Nature ſo rude and uncivil an Appellation? I appeal to the Ladies, for the Propriety of this Obſervation.

SECT. VII.

1 *For the Mind*, &c.] It is remarked in the Notes to *Boileau*'s Tranſlation, that the great Prince of *Conde*, upon hearing this Paſſage, cried out, *Voilà le Sublime! voilà ſon veritable caractere!*

2 *That on the contrary*, &c.] "This is a very fine "Deſcription of the ſublime, and finer ſtill, be- "cauſe it is very Sublime itſelf. But it is only a "Deſcription; and it does not appear that *Longinus* "intended, any where in this Treatiſe, to give an "exact Definition of it. The Reaſon is, becauſe he

" wrote after *Cecilius*, who (as he tells us) had em-
" ployed all his Book, in defining and ſhewing
" what the Sublime is. But ſince this Book of
" *Cecilius* is loſt, I believe it will not be amiſs, to
" venture here a Definition of it my own way,
" which may give at leaſt an imperfect Idea of it.
" This is the manner in which I think it may be de-
" fined. The Sublime is a certain Force in Diſcourſe,
" proper to elevate and tranſport the Soul; and
" which proceeds, either from Grandeur of Thought
" and Nobleneſs of Sentiment, or from Magnifi-
" cence of Words, or an harmonious, lively, and
" animated Turn of Expreſſion; that is to ſay, from
" any one of theſe Particulars regarded ſeparately,
" or, what makes the perfect Sublime, from theſe
" three Particulars join'd together."

Thus far are *Boileau*'s own Words in his 12th Reflexion on *Longinus*, where, to illuſtrate the preceding Definition, he ſubjoins an Example from *Racine*'s *Athalie* or *Abner*, of theſe three particular Qualifications of Sublimity join'd together. One of the principal Officers of the Court of *Judah* repreſents to *Jehoiada* the High-prieſt, the exceſſive Rage of *Athaliah* againſt him and all the *Levites*; adding, that in his Opinion, the haughty Princeſs would in a ſhort time come, and attack God even in his Sanctuary. To this the High-prieſt, not in the leaſt moved, anſwers:

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sait auſſi des mechans arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.

SECT.

SECT. VIII.

1 *Some Paſſions are vaſtly diſtant* — &c.] The Pathetic without Grandeur is preferable to that which is great without Paſſion. Whenever both unite, the Paſſage will be excellent; and there is more of this in the Book of *Job*, than in any other Compoſition in the World. *Longinus* has here quoted a fine Inſtance of the latter from *Homer*, but has produced none of the former, or the Pathetic without Grandeur.

When a Writer applies to the more tender Paſſions of Love and Pity, when a Speaker endeavours to engage our Affections, or gain our Eſteem, he may ſucceed well, tho' there be nothing grand in what he ſays. Nay Grandeur would ſometimes be unſeaſonable in ſuch Caſes, as it ſtrikes always at the Imagination.

There is a deal of this Sort of Pathetic in the Words of our Saviour to the poor *Jews*, who were impos'd upon and deluded into fatal Errors by the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, who had long been guilty of the heavieſt Oppreſſion on the Minds of the People. *Matt.* xi. 28-30. *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls. For my yoke is eaſy, and my burden is light.*

So again in *Mat.* xxiii. 37. after taking notice of the Cruelties, Inhumanities, and Murders, which the *Jewiſh* Nation had been guilty of towards thoſe, who had exhorted them to Repentance, or would have recalled them from their Blindneſs and Superſtition

to the Practice of real Religion and Virtue, he on a ſudden breaks off with,

O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, thou that killeſt the Prophets, and ſtoneſt them which are ſent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

The Expreſſion here is vulgar and common, the Alluſion to the Hen taken from an Object, which is daily before our Eyes, and yet there is as much Tenderneſs and Significance in it, as can any where be found in the ſame compaſs.

I beg leave to obſerve farther, that there is a continued Strain of this ſort of Pathetic in St. *Paul*'s Farewel-Speech to the *Epheſian* Elders in *Acts* xx. What an Effect it had upon his Audience is plain from *ver.* 36-38. It is ſcarcely poſſible to read it ſeriouſly without Tears.

2 *There are many things grand* — &c.] The firſt Book of *Paradiſe Loſt* is a continued Inſtance of Sublimity without Paſſion. The Deſcriptions of Satan and the other fallen Angels are very grand, but terrible. They do not ſo much exalt as terrify the Imagination. See Mr. *Addiſon*'s Obſervations, *Spectator*, N° 339.

3 *The Poet.*] *Longinus*, as well as many other Writers, frequently ſtiles *Homer* in an eminent manner, *the Poet*, as if none but he had deſerved that Title.

4 *Milton* has equalled, if not excelled, theſe bold Lines of *Homer* in his Fight of Angels. See Mr. *Addiſon*'s fine Obſervations upon it, Spectator, N° 333.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

1 *The ſilence of* Ajax, *&c.*] *Dido* in *Virgil* behaves with the ſame Greatneſs and Majeſty as *Homer*'s *Ajax*. He diſdains the Converſation of the Man, who, to his thinking, had injuriouſly defrauded him of the Arms of *Achilles*; and ſhe ſcorns to hold Conference with him, who, in her own Opinion, had baſely forſook her; and by her ſilent Retreat, ſhews her Reſentment, and reprimands *Æneas*, more than ſhe could have done in a thouſand Words.

Illa ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat,
Nec magis incepto vultum ſermone movetur,
Quàm ſi dura ſilex, aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes.
Tandem corripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum. —— Æn. vi. v. 469.

Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
She fix'd her Eyes, unmov'd upon the Ground,
And what he looks and ſwears, regards no more
Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
But whirl'd away to ſhun his hateful Sight,
Hid in the Foreſt and the Shades of Night. Dryden.

The Pathetic, as well as the *Grand*, is expreſſed as ſtrongly by Silence or a bare Word, as in a Number of Periods. There is an admirable Inſtance of it in *Shakeſpear*'s *Julius Cæſar*, Act 4. Sc. 4. The preceding Scene is wrought up in a maſterly manner: we ſee there, in the trueſt Light, the noble and generous Reſentment of *Brutus*, and the haſty Choler and as haſty Repentance of *Caſſius*. After the Reconciliation, in the beginning of the next Scene, *Brutus* addreſſes himſelf to *Caſſius*.

Bru. *O* Caſſius, *I am ſick of many Griefs.*

Caſ. *Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,*
If you give place to accidental Evils.

Bru. *No Man bears Sorrow better* — Portia's *dead.*

Caſ. *Ha!* Portia! ———

Bru. *She is dead.*

Caſ. *How 'ſcap'd I killing when I croſt you ſo?*

The Stroke is heavier, as it comes unexpected. The Grief is abrupt, becauſe it is inexpreſſible. The Heart is melted in an inſtant, and Tears will ſtart at once in any Audience, that has Generoſity enough to be moved, or is capable of Sorrow and Pity.

When Words are too weak, or Colours too faint to repreſent a Pathos, as the Poet will be ſilent, ſo the Painter will hide what he cannot ſhew. *Timantes*, in his Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, gave *Calchas* a ſorrowful Look, he then painted *Ulyſſes* more ſorrowful, and afterwards her Uncle *Menelaus* with all the Grief and Concern in his Countenance, which his Pencil was able to diſplay. By this Gradation he had exhauſted the Paſſion, and had no Art left for the Diſtreſs of her Father *Agamemnon*, which required the ſtrongeſt heightning of all. He therefore covered up his Head in his Garment, and left the Spectator to imagine that exceſs of Anguiſh, which Colours were unable to expreſs.

2 *I would accept theſe Propoſals* —&c.] There is a great gap in the Original after theſe Words. The Senſe has been ſupplied by the Editors, from the well-known Records of Hiſtory. The Propoſals here mentioned were made to *Alexander* by *Darius*; and were no leſs than his own Daughter, and half

his

his Kingdom, to purchaſe Peace. They would have contented *Parmenio*, but were quite too ſmall for the extenſive Views of his Maſter.

Dr. *Pearce*, in his Note to this Paſſage, has inſtanced a brave Reply of *Iphicrates*. When he appeared, to anſwer an Accuſation preferred againſt him by *Ariſtophon*, he demanded of him, "*Whether* "*he would have betrayed his Country for a Sum of* "*Money?*" *Ariſtophon* replied in the Negative: "*Have I then done, cried* Iphicrates, *what even you* "*would have ſcorned to do?*

There is the ſame Evidence of a generous Heart, in the Prince of *Orange*'s reply to the Duke of *Buckingham*, who, to incline him to an inglorious Peace with the *French*, demanded, what he could do in that deſperate ſituation of himſelf and his Country? "*Not* "*live to ſee its Ruin, but die in the laſt Dike.*

Theſe ſhort Replies have more Force, ſhew a greater Soul, and make deeper Impreſſions, than the moſt laboured Diſcourſes. The Soul ſeems to rouſe and collect itſelf, and then darts forth at once, in the nobleſt and moſt conſpicuous Point of view.

3 *The Space between*, &c.] *Longinus* here ſets out in all the Pomp and Spirit of *Homer*. How vaſt is the reach of Man's Imagination! and what a vaſt Idea, "*The Space between Heaven and Earth*," is here placed before it! Dr. *Pearce* has taken notice of ſuch a Thought in the Wiſdom of *Solomon*: *Thy almighty word leaped down—it touched the heaven, but it ſtood upon the earth.* c. xviii. 15, 16.

4 See the Note to this Deſcription of Diſcord, in Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation. *Virgil* has copied it verbatim, but applied it to *Fame*.

Ingre-

Ingrediturque ſolo & caput inter nubila condit.
Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantic ſize,
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies.

Shakeſpear without any Imitation of theſe great Maſters, has by the natural Strength of his own Genius, deſcribed the Extent of Slander in the greateſt Pomp of Expreſſion, Elevation of Thought, and Fertility of Invention:

——————— *Slander,*
Whoſe Head is ſharper than the Sword, whoſe Tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile, *whoſe Breath*
Rides on the poſting Winds, and doth belye
All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
This viperous Slander enters. —— Cymbeline.

And *Milton*'s Deſcription of Satan, when he prepares for the Combat, is (according to Mr. *Addiſon*, Spectator N° 321.) equally ſublime with either the Deſcription of Diſcord in *Homer*, or that of *Fame* in *Virgil:*

——————— *Satan alarm'd,*
Collecting all his Might, dilated ſtood
Like Tenariff *or* Atlas *unremov'd:*
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Creſt
Sat Horrour plum'd ——

5 The Image of *Heſiod*, here blam'd by *Longinus*, is borrowed from low Life, and has ſomething in it exceedingly naſty. It offends the Stomach, and of courſe cannot be approved by the Judgment. This brings to my Remembrance the Conduct of *Milton*, in his Deſcription of Sin and Death, who are ſet off in the moſt horrible Deformity. In that of Sin, there

is

is indeed ſomething loathſom; and what ought to be painted in that manner ſooner than Sin? Yet the Circumſtances are pick'd out with the niceſt Skill, and raiſe a rational Abhorrence of ſuch hideous Objects.

The one ſeem'd Woman to the Waiſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold,
Voluminous and vaſt! a Serpent arm'd
With mortal Sting: about her Middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberean *Mouths full loud, and rung*
A hideous peal: Yet when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their Noiſe, into her Womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd, and howl'd
Within, unſeen ——

Of Death he ſays,

—— *black it ſtood as Night,*
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadful Dart. ——

But *Milton*'s Judiciouſneſs in ſelecting ſuch Circumſtances, as tend to raiſe a juſt and natural Averſion, is no where more viſible, than in his Deſcription of a Lazar-houſe, Book 11th. An inferior Genius might have amuſed himſelf, with expatiating on the filthy and nauſeous Objects abounding in ſo horrible a Scene, and written perhaps like a Surgeon rather than a Poet. But *Milton* aims only at the Paſſions, by ſhewing the Miſeries entailed upon Man, in the moſt affecting manner, and exciting at once our horror at the Woes of the afflicted, and a generous Sympathy in all their Afflictions.

——— *Immediately a place*
Before his Eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark, &c.

It is too long to quote, but the whole is exceedingly Poetic, the latter Part of it ſublime, ſolemn, and touching. We ſtartle and groan at this Scene of Miſeries, in which the whole Race of Mankind is perpetually involv'd, and of ſome of which we ourſelves muſt one day be the Victims.

Sight ſo deform, what Heart of Rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold! ———

To return to the Remark. There is a ſerious turn, an inborn Sedateneſs in the Mind, which renders Images of Terror grateful and engaging. Agreeable Senſations are not only produced by bright and lively Objects, but ſometimes by ſuch as are gloomy and ſolemn. It is not the blue Sky, the chearful Sun-ſhine, or the ſmiling Landſchape, that give us all our Pleaſure, ſince we are indebted for no little ſhare of it to the ſilent Night, the diſtant howling Wilderneſs, the melancholy Grot, the dark Wood, and hanging Precipice. What is Terrible, cannot be deſcribed too well; what is diſagreeable, ſhould not be deſcribed at all, or at leaſt ſhould be ſtrongly ſhaded. When *Apelles* drew the Pourtroit of *Antigonus*, who had loſt an Eye, he judiciouſly took his Face in profile, that he might hide the Blemiſh. It is the Art of the Painter to pleaſe, and not to offend the Sight. It is the Poet's, to make us ſometimes thoughtful and ſedate, but never to raiſe our Diſtaſte by foul and nauſeous Repreſentations.

6 *The World itſelf*, &c.] It is highly worthy of Remark, how *Longinus* ſeems here inſpir'd with the

Genius

Genius of *Homer*. He not only approves and admires this divine Thought of the Poet, but imitates, I had almoſt ſaid, improves and raiſes it. The Space, which *Homer* aſſigns to every Leap of the Horſes, is equal to that, which the Eye will run over, when a Spectator is placed upon a lofty Eminence, and looks towards the Sea, where there is nothing to obſtruct the Proſpect. This is ſufficiently great; but *Longinus* has ſaid what is greater than this, for he bounds not the Leap by the Reach of the Sight, but boldly avers, that the whole Extent of the World would not afford room enough for two ſuch Leaps. Dr *Pearce*.

7 *How grand alſo* —— &c.] *Milton*'s Deſcription of the Fight of Angels is well able to ſtand a Parallel with the Combat of the Gods in *Homer*. His *Venus* and *Mars* make a ludicrous ſort of Appearance, after their Defeat by *Diomed*. The Engagement between *Juno* and *Latona* has a little of the Air of Burleſque. His Commentators indeed labour heartily in his Defence, and diſcover fine Allegories under theſe Sallies of his Fancy. This may ſatisfy them, but is by no means a ſufficient Excuſe for the Poet. *Homer*'s Excellencies are indeed ſo many and ſo great, that they eaſily incline us to grow fond of thoſe few Blemiſhes, which are diſcernible in his Poems, and to contend that he is broad awake, when he is actually nodding. But let us return to *Milton*, and take notice of the following Lines:

—— *Now ſtorming fury roſe*
And clamour, ſuch as heard in Heav'n, till now,
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noiſe

Of conflict! over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage: all Heav'n
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre ſhook. ——

The Thought of *fiery Arches being drawn over the Armies by the flight of flaming Arrows*, may give us ſome Idea of *Milton*'s lively imagination, as the laſt Thought, which is ſuperlatively great, of the Reach of his Genius:

—— *and had earth been then, all earth*
Had to her centre ſhook.

He ſeems apprehenſive, that the Mind of his Readers was not ſtocked enough with Ideas, to enable them to form a Notion of this Battle; and to raiſe it the more, recalls to their Remembrance the Time, or that Part of infinite Duration, in which it was fought, before Time was, when this viſible Creation exiſted only in the Preſcience of God.

8 *What a Proſpect*, &c.] That magnificent Deſcription of the Combat of the Gods, cannot poſſibly be expreſſed or diſplay'd in more conciſe, more clear, or more ſublime Terms, than here in *Longinus*. This is the Excellence of a true Critic, to be able to diſcern the Excellencies of his Author, and to diſplay his own in illuſtrating them. Dr. *Pearce*.

9 *For* Homer, *in my Opinion*, &c. ——] *Plutarch*, in his Treatiſe *on reading the Poets*, is of the ſame Opinion with *Longinus*: "When you read,

"ſays

" ſays he, in *Homer* of Gods thrown out of Hea-
" ven by one another, or of Gods wounded by,
" quarrelling with, and ſnarling at one another, you
" may with Reaſon ſay,

" *Here had thy Fancy glow'd with uſual Heat,*
" *Thy Gods had ſhone more uniformly great.*

10 The Deity is deſcrib'd, in a thouſand Paſſages of Scripture, in greater Majeſty, Pomp, and Perfection than that in which *Homer* arrays his Gods. The Books of *Pſalms* and of *Job* abound in ſuch divine Deſcriptions. That particularly in the xviiith Pſalm *v.* 7-10, is inimitably grand:

Then the earth ſhook and trembled, the foundations alſo of the hills moved, and were ſhaken, becauſe he was wroth. There went up a ſmoke out of his noſtrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled at it. He bowed the Heavens alſo and came down, and darkneſs was under his feet. And he rode upon a Cherub, and did fly, and came flying upon the wings of the wind.

So again *Pſalm* lxxvii. 16-19.

The waters ſaw thee, O God, the waters ſaw thee, and were afraid; the depths alſo were troubled. The clouds poured out water, the air thundered, and thine arrows went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was heard round about; the lightnings ſhone upon the ground, the earth was moved and ſhook withal. Thy way is in the ſea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footſteps are not known.

And in general, wherever there is any Deſcription of the Works of Omnipotence, or the Excellence of the divine Being, the ſame Vein of Sublimity is al-

ways

ways to be diſcern'd. I beg the Reader to peruſe in this View the following *Pſalms*, 46. 68. 76. 96. 97. 104. 114. 139. 148. as alſo the 3d Chapter of *Habakkuk*, and the Deſcription of the Son of God in the Book of *Revelations* c. xix. 11 - 17.

Copying ſuch ſublime Images in the poetical Parts of Scripture, and heating his Imagination with the Combat of the Gods in *Homer*, has made *Milton* ſucceed ſo well in his Fight of Angels. If *Homer* deſerve ſuch vaſt Encomiums from the Criticks, for deſcribing *Neptune* with ſo much Pomp and Magnificence, how can we ſufficiently admire thoſe divine Deſcriptions, which *Milton* gives of the *Meſſiah*.

He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtallin ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,
Illuſtrious far and wide. ——
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' up-rooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obſequious; Heav'n his wonted face renewed,
And with freſh flowrets hill and valley ſmil'd.

11 *So likewiſe the* Jewiſh, *&c.*——] This divine Paſſage has furniſhed a Handle for many of thoſe, who are willing to be thought Critics, to ſhew their Pertneſs and Stupidity at once. Tho' bright as the Light of which it ſpeaks, they are blind to its Luſtre, and will not diſcern its Sublimity. Some pretend that *Longinus* never ſaw this Paſſage, tho' he has actually quoted it; and that he never read *Moſes*, tho' he has left ſo candid an Acknowledgment of his Merit. In ſuch Company, ſome, no doubt, will be ſurprized to find the Names of *Huët* and *Le Clerc*. They have examined,

examined, taken to Pieces, and ſifted it as long as they were able; yet ſtill they cannot find it ſublime. It is ſimple, ſay they, and therefore not grand. They have tried it by a Law of *Horace* miſunderſtood, and therefore condemn it.

Boileau undertook its Defence, and has gallantly defended it. He ſhews them, that Simplicity of Expreſſion is ſo far from being oppoſed to Sublimity, that it is frequently the Cauſe and Foundation of it (and indeed there is not a Page in Scripture, which abounds not with Inſtances to ſtrengthen this Remark.) *Horace*'s Law, that a Beginning ſhould be unadorned, does not by any means forbid it to be grand, ſince Grandeur conſiſts not in Ornament and Dreſs. He then ſhews at large, that whatever noble and majeſtic Expreſſion, Elevation of Thought, and Importance of Event can contribute to Sublimity, may be found united in this Paſſage. Whoever has the Curioſity to ſee the Particulars of this Diſpute, may find it in the Edition of *Boileau*'s Works, in four Volumes 12°.

It is however remarkable, that tho' Monſr *Huet* will not allow the Sublimity of this Paſſage in *Moſes*, yet he extols the following in the 33d *Pſalm: For he ſpake, and it was done; he commanded, and it ſtood faſt.*

There is a Particularity in the Manner of quoting this Paſſage by *Longinus*, which I think has hitherto eſcaped Obſervation. *God ſaid*——What?——*Let there be Light*, &c. That Interrogation between the narrative Part and the Words of the Almighty

himſelf, carries with it an Air of Reverence and Veneration. It ſeems deſigned to awaken the Reader, and raiſe his awful Attention to the Voice of the great Creator.

Inſtances of this majeſtic Simplicity and unaffected Grandeur, are to be met with in great Plenty through the ſacred Writings. Such as St. *John* xi. 43. *Lazarus, come forth.* St. *Mat.* viii. 3. *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean —— I will, be thou clean.* And St. *Mark* iv. 39. where Chriſt huſhes the tumultuous Sea into a Calm, with, *Peace* (or rather, *Be ſilent) be ſtill.* The Waters (ſays a Critic, *Sacred Claſſics*, p. 325.) heard that Voice, which commanded univerſal Nature into Being. They ſunk at his Command, who has the ſole Privilege of ſaying to that unruly Element, *Hitherto ſhalt thou paſs, and no farther: Here ſhall thy proud Waves be ſtopped.*

12 *So that in the* Odyſſey, *&c.*——] Never did any Criticiſm equal, much leſs exceed, this of *Longinus* in Sublimity. He gives his Opinion, that *Homer*'s *Odyſſey*, being the Work of his Old-age, and written in the Decline of his Life, and in every reſpect equal to the *Iliad*, except in Violence and Impetuoſity, may be reſembled to the Setting Sun, whoſe Grandeur continues the ſame, tho' its Rays retain not the ſame fervent Heat. Let us here take a View of *Longinus*, whilſt he points out the Beauties of the beſt Writers, and at the ſame Time his own. Equal himſelf to the moſt celebrated Authors, he gives them the Elogies due to their Merit. He not only judges his Predeceſſors by the true Laws and Standard of

good

good-writing, but leaves Poſterity in himſelf a Model and Pattern of Genius and Judgment. Dr. *Pearce.*

This fine Compariſon of *Homer* to the Sun, is certainly an Honour to Poet and Critic. It is a fine Reſemblance, great, beautiful, and juſt. He deſcribes *Homer* in the ſame Elevation of Thought, as *Homer* himſelf would have ſet off his Heroes. Fine Genius will ſhew its Spirit, and in every Age and Climate diſplay its natural inherent Vigour. This Remark will, I hope, be a proper Introduction to the following Lines of *Milton*, where Grandeur, impaired and in Decay, is deſcribed by an Alluſion to the Sun in Eclipſe, by which our Ideas are wonderfully raiſed to a Conception of what it was in all its Glory.

——— *he, above the reſt*
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r: his form not yet had loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd: As when the Sun new-ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty Air,
Shorn of his Beams; or from behind the Moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous Twilight ſheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs; darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-angel. ———

That horrible Grandeur, in which *Milton* arrays his Devils throughout his Poem, is an honourable Proof of the Stretch of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment. *Taſſo*, in his 4th *Canto*, has opened a Council of Devils, but his Deſcription of

them is frivolous and puerile, ſavouring too much of old Womens Tales, and the fantaſtic Dreams of Ignorance. He makes ſome of them walk upon the Feet of Beaſts, and dreſſes out their Reſemblance of a human Head with twiſting Serpents inſtead of Hair, Horns ſprout upon their Foreheads, and after them they drag an immenſe length of a Tail. It is true, when he makes his *Pluto* ſpeak (for he has made uſe of the old poetical Names) he ſupports his Character with a deal of Spirit, and puts ſuch Words and Sentiments into his Mouth as are properly diabolical. His Devil talks ſomewhat like *Milton's*, but looks not with half that horrible Pomp, that height of obſcured Glory.

13 *Zoilus.*] The moſt infamous Name of a certain Author of *Thracian* Extraction, who wrote a Treatiſe againſt the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* of *Homer*, and intituled it, *Homer's Reprimand:* which ſo exaſperated the People of that Age, that they put the Author to Death, and ſacrificed him as it were to the injur'd Genius of *Homer*. His Enterprize was certainly too daring, his Puniſhment undoubtedly too ſevere. Dr. *Pearce.*

14 *Dreams indeed they are*, &c.] After *Longinus* had thus ſummed up the Imperfections of *Homer*, one might imagine, from the uſual Bitterneſs of Critics, that a heavy Cenſure would immediately follow. But the true Critic knows how to pardon, to excuſe, and to extenuate. Such Conduct is uncommon, but juſt. We ſee by it at once the worth of the Author, and the Candor of the Judge. With Perſons of ſo generous

generous a Bent, his Tranſlator has fared as well as *Homer*. Mr. *Pope*'s "Faults (in that Performance) "are the Faults of a Man, but his Beauties are the "Beauties of an Angel." *Eſſay on the Odyſſey*.

15 *In the moral kind of Writing*.] The word *Moral* does not fully give the Idea of the original word ἠθος, but our Language will not furniſh any other that comes ſo near it. The meaning of the Paſſage is, that great Authors in the Youth and Fire of their Genius, abound chiefly in ſuch Paſſions, as are ſtrong and vehement; but in their Old-age and Decline, they betake themſelves to ſuch, as are mild, peaceable, and ſedate. At firſt they endeavour to move, to warm, to tranſport; but afterwards to amuſe, delight, and perſuade. In Youth, they ſtrike at the Imagination; in Age, they ſpeak more to our Reaſon. For tho' the Paſſions are the ſame in their Nature, yet, at different Ages, they differ in Degree. Love, for inſtance, is a violent, hot, and impetuous Paſſion; Eſteem is a ſedate, and cool, and peaceable Affection of the Mind. The youthful Fits and Tranſports of the former, in progreſs of Time, ſubſide and ſettle in the latter. So a Storm is different from a Gale, tho' both are Wind. Hence it is, that bold Scenes of Action, dreadful Alarms, affecting Images of Terror, and ſuch violent turns of Paſſion, as require a ſtretch of Fancy to expreſs or to conceive, employ the vigour and maturity of Youth, in which conſiſts the Nature of the Pathetic; but amuſing Narrations, calm Deſcriptions, delightful Landſchapes, and more even and peaceable Affections, are agree-

able in the ebb of Life, and therefore more frequently attempted, and more ſucceſsfully expreſſed by a declining Genius. This is the Moral kind of writing here mentioned, and by theſe Particulars is *Homer*'s *Odyſſey* diſtinguiſhed from his *Iliad*. The πάθος and ἦθος ſo frequently uſed, and ſo important in the *Greek* Critics, are fully explained by *Quintilian*, in the Sixth Book of his *Inſtitut. Orat.*

SECT. X.

1 There is a Line at the end of this Ode of *Sappho* in the Original, which is taken no notice of in the Tranſlation, becauſe the Senſe is complete without it, and if admitted, it would throw Confuſion on the whole.

The Title of this Ode in *Urſinus* in the Fragments of *Sappho*, is, *To the beloved Fair*; and it is the right. For *Plutarch* (to omit the Teſtimonies of many others) in his *Eroticon*, has theſe Words: *The beautiful* Sappho *ſays, that at Sight of her beloved Fair, her Voice was ſuppreſſed*, &c. Beſides, *Strabo* and *Athenæus* tell us, that the Name of this Fair one was *Dorica*, and that ſhe was loved by *Charaxus*, *Sappho*'s Brother. Let us then ſuppoſe that this *Dorica*, *Sappho*'s infamous Paramour, receives the Addreſſes of *Charaxus*, and admits him into her Company as her Lover. This very Moment *Sappho* unexpectedly enters, and ſtruck at what ſhe ſees, feels tormenting Emotions. In this Ode therefore, ſhe endeavours to expreſs that Wrath, Jealouſy, and Anguiſh, which diſtracted her with ſuch variety of Torture. This in my Opinion is the Subject of the Ode. And whoever joins in my Sentiments,

timents, cannot but diſapprove the following Verſes in the *French* Tranſlation by *Boileau:*

— *dans les doux tranſports ou s'egare mon ame:*

And,

— *Je tombe dans des douces langueurs.*

The word *doux* will in no wiſe expreſs the Rage and Diſtraction of *Sappho*'s Mind. It is always uſed in a contrary Senſe. *Catullus* has tranſlated this Ode almoſt verbally, and *Lucretius* has imitated it in his Third Book. Dr. *Pearce.*

The *Engliſh* Tranſlation I have borrowed from the *Spectator*, N°. 229. It was done by Mr. *Philips*, and has been very much applauded, tho' the following Line,

For while I gaz'd, in Tranſport toſt,

and this,

My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,

will be liable to the ſame Cenſure with *Boileau*'s *douces langueurs.*

A Critique on this Ode may be ſeen in the ſame *Spectator.* It has been admired in all Ages, and beſides the Imitation of it by *Catullus*, and *Lucretius*, a great Reſemblance of it is eaſily perceivable in *Horace*'s Ode to *Lydia*, *l.* 1. *o.* 13. and in *Virgil*'s *Æneid*, *lib.* 4.

Longinus attributes its Beauty, to the judicious Choice of thoſe Circumſtances, which are the conſtant, tho' ſurprizing Attendants upon Love. It is certainly a Paſſion, that has more prevalent Senſations of Pleaſure and Pain, and affects the Mind with a greater diverſity of Impreſſions, than any other.

Love is a ſmoke, rais'd with the fume of ſight;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers Eyes:
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers Tears:
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.

Shakeſpear *in* Romeo *and* Juliet.

The Qualities of Love are certainly very proper for the Management of a good Poet. It is a Subject on which many may ſhine in different Lights, yet keep clear of all that Whining and Rant, with which the Stage is continually peſtered. The Ancients have ſcarcely meddled with it in any of their Tragedies. *Shakeſpear* has ſhewn it, in almoſt all its Degrees, by different Characters in one or other of his Plays. *Otway* has wrought it up finely in the *Orphan*, to raiſe our Pity. *Dryden* expreſſes its thoughtleſs Violence very well, in his *All for Love*. Mr. *Addiſon* has painted it both ſucceſsful and unfortunate, with the higheſt Judgment, in his *Cato*.

But *Adam* and *Eve*, in *Milton*, are the fineſt Picture of conjugal Love, that ever was drawn. In them it is true warmth of Affection, without the violence or fury of Paſſion; a ſweet and reaſonable Tenderneſs, without any cloying or inſipid Fondneſs. In its Serenity and Sun-ſhine, it is noble, amiable, endearing, and innocent. When it jars and goes out of Tune, as on ſome Occaſions it will, there is Anger and Reſentment. He is gloomy, ſhe complains and weeps, yet Love has ſtill its Force. *Eve* knows how to ſubmit, and *Adam* to forgive. We are pleaſed that they have quarrelled, when we ſee the agreeable manner,

manner, in which they are reconciled. They have enjoyed Proſperity, and will ſhare Adverſity together. And the laſt Scene, in which we behold this unfortunate Couple, is when,

They hand in hand with wandring ſteps and ſlow
Thro' Eden *take their ſolitary way.*

Taſſo in his *Gieruſalemme liberata* has loſt no opportunity of embelliſhing his Poem with ſome Incidents of this Paſſion. He even breaks in upon the Rules of Epic, by introducing the Epiſode of *Olinda* and *Sophronia* in his 2d *Canto:* for they never appear again in the Poem, and have no ſhare in the Action of it. Two of his great Perſonages are a Husband and Wife, who fight always ſide by ſide, and die together. The Power, the Allurements, the Tyranny of Beauty is amply diſplayed in the coquettiſh Character of *Armida*, in the 4th *Canto*. He indeed always ſhews the Effects of the Paſſion in true Colours; but then he does more, he refines and plays upon them with fine-ſpun Conceits. He flouriſhes like *Ovid* on every little Incident, and recalls our Attention from the Poem, to take notice of the Poet's Wit. This might be writing in the *Italian* Taſte, but it is not Nature. *Homer* was above it, in his fine Characters of *Hector* and *Andromache*, *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope*. The judicious *Virgil* has rejected it, in his natural Picture of *Dido*. *Milton* has followed and improved upon his great Maſters, with Dignity and Judgment.

2 *The Author of the Poem on the* Arimaſpians.] *Ariſteus* the *Proconneſian* is ſaid to have wrote a Poem, call'd

call'd Ἀριμάσπια, or, of the Affairs of the *Arimaſpians*, a *Scythian* People, ſituated far from any Sea. The Lines here quoted ſeem to be ſpoken by an *Arimaſpian*, wondering how Men dare truſt themſelves in Ships, and endeavouring to deſcribe the Seamen in the Extremities of a Storm. Dr. *Pearce*.

3 There is a Deſcription of a Tempeſt in the 107th *Pſalm*, which runs in a very high vein of Sublimity, and has more Spirit in it than the applauded Deſcriptions in the Authors of Antiquity; becauſe when the Storm is in all its Rage, and the Danger become extreme, almighty Power is introduced to calm at once the roaring main, and give Preſervation to the miſerable diſtreſſed. It ends in that Fervency of Devotion, which ſuch grand Occurrences are fitted to raiſe in the Minds of the thoughtful.

He commandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths; their Soul is melted away becauſe of trouble. They reel to and fro like a drunken man, and are at their wits-end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes. He maketh the ſtorm a calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill. Then are they glad, becauſe they be quiet; ſo he bringeth them unto their deſired haven. Oh that men would praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Shakeſpear has, with inimitable Art, made uſe of a Storm in his Tragedy of King *Lear*, and continued it through ſeven Scenes. In reading it, one ſees the piteous

teous Condition of thoſe who are expos'd to it in open Air; one almoſt hears the Wind and Thunder, and beholds the Flaſhes of Lightning. The Anger, Fury, and paſſionate Exclamations of *Lear* himſelf ſeem to rival the Storm, which is as outrageous in his Breaſt, inflamed and ulcerated by the Barbarities of his Daughters, as in the Elements themſelves. We view him

Contending with the fretful Elements,
Bids the Wind blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters 'bove the Main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white Hair,
Which the impetuous Blaſts with eyeleſs Rage
Catch in their Fury———

We afterwards ſee the diſtreſſed old Man expoſed to all the Inclemencies of the Weather; Nature itſelf in Hurry and Diſorder, but he as violent and boiſterous as the Storm.

Rumble thy belly-full, ſpit Fire, ſpout Rain;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I tax not you, ye Elements.———

And immediately after,

——— *Let the great Gods,*
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular Man of Virtue,
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practis'd on Man's Life. Cloſe pent-up Guilts,

Rive

Rive your concealing Continents, and ask,
Theſe dreadful Summoners Grace——

The Storm ſtill continues, and the poor old Man is forced along the open Heath, to take ſhelter in a wretched Hovel. There the Poet has laid new Incidents, to ſtamp freſh Terror on the Imagination, by lodging *Edgar* in it before them. The Paſſions of the old King are ſo turbulent, that he will not be perſuaded to take any Refuge. When honeſt *Kent* intreats him to go in, he cries,

Pritbee go in thyſelf, ſeek thy own Eaſe;
This Tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On Things would hurt me more——
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep——
Poor naked Wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs Storm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs Heads, and unfed Sides,
Your loop'd and window'd Raggedneſs, defend you
From Seaſons ſuch as theſe? —— Oh! I have ta'en
Too little Care of this! Take phyſic, Pomp,
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what Wretches feel,
That thou mayſt ſhake the Superflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt.——

The Miſeries and Diſorders of *Lear* and *Edgar* are then painted with ſuch judicious Horror, that every Imagination muſt be ſtrongly affected by ſuch Tempeſts in Reaſon and Nature. I have quoted thoſe Paſſages, which have the moral Reflexions in them, ſince they add Solemnity to the Terror, and alarm at once a Variety of Paſſions.

4 *Nay more, the Danger*, &c. —] I have given this Sentence ſuch a Turn, as I thought would be moſt ſuitable to our Language, and have omitted the following Words, which occur in the Original: "Beſides, he has forcibly united ſome Prepoſitions "that are naturally averſe to Union, and heaped "them one upon another, ὑπ' ἐκ θαλατοῖο. By this means, the Danger is diſcern'd," &c.

The Beauty *Longinus* here commends in *Homer*, of making the Words correſpond with the Senſe, is one of the moſt excellent, that can be found in Compoſition. The many and refined Obſervations of this nature in *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, are an Evidence, how exceedingly fond the Ancients were of it. There ſhould be a Stile of Sound as well as of Words, but ſuch a Stile depends on a great Command of Language, and a muſical Ear. We ſee a great deal of it in *Milton*, but in Mr. *Pope* it appears to Perfection. It would be Folly to quote Examples, ſince they can poſſibly eſcape none who can read and hear.

5 The whole Paſſage in *Demoſthenes*'s Oration runs thus:

"It was Evening when a Courier brought the "News to the Magiſtrates of the Surprizal of "*Elatea*. Immediately they aroſe, tho' in the midſt "of their Repaſt. Some of them hurried away to "the *Forum*, and driving the Tradeſmen out, ſet "fire to their Shops. Others fled to advertiſe the "Commanders of the Army of the News, and to "ſummon the public Herald. The whole City was

"full

" full of Tumult. On the Morrow, by Break of " Day, the Magiſtrates convene the Senate. You, " Gentlemen, obey'd the Summons. Before the pub- " lic Council proceeded to debate, the People took " their Seats above. When the Senate were come in, " the Magiſtrates laid open the Reaſons of their " meeting, and produced the Courier. He con- " firmed their Report. The Herald demanded aloud, " who would harangue? No body roſe up. The " Herald repeated the Queſtion ſeveral times. In " vain: No body roſe up; no body harangued; " tho' all the Commanders of the Army were there, " tho' the Orators were preſent, tho' the common " Voice of our Country joined in the Petition, and " demanded an Oration for the public Safety."

SECT. XI.

1 *Lucan* has put a very grand Amplification in the Mouth of *Cato:*

Eſtne Dei ſedes, niſi terra, & pontus, & aer,
Et cœlum, & virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter eſt, quodcunque vides, quocunque movebis.

There is a very beautiful one in Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*'s 12th Sermon.

'Tis pleaſant to be virtuous and good, becauſe that is to excel many others: 'Tis pleaſant to grow better, becauſe that is to excel ourſelves: Nay, 'tis pleaſant even to mortify and ſubdue our Luſts, becauſe that is Victory: 'Tis pleaſant to command our Appetites and Paſſions, and to keep them in due Order, within the Bounds of Reaſon and Religion, becauſe this is Empire.

But

But no Author amplifies in ſo noble a manner as St. *Paul*. He riſes gradually from Earth to Heaven, from mortal Man to God himſelf. " *For all Things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things preſent, or things to come: all are yours; and ye are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's.* 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22. See alſo Rom. viii. 29, 30. and 38, 39.

SECT. XIII.

1 *To leave this Digreſſion.*] Theſe Words refer to what *Longinus* had ſaid of *Plato* in that Part of the preceding Section, which is now almoſt wholly loſt: And from hence it is abundantly evident, that the Perſon, whom he had there compared with the Orator, was *Plato*. Dr. *Pearce*.

2 *Tho'* Plato's *Stile*, &c.——] That Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* was poſſeſſed in an eminent degree of the ſame Sweetneſs, Fluency of Stile, and elevated Senſe, which are ſo much admired in *Plato*, can be denied by none, who are verſed in the Writings of that Author. The following Paſſage, on much the ſame Subject as the Inſtance here quoted by our Critic from *Plato*, may be of Service in ſtrengthening this Aſſertion. He is ſpeaking of Perſons deeply plunged in Sin.

" If Conſideration, ſays he, happen to take them " at any Advantage, and they are ſo hard preſt by " it, that they cannot eſcape the ſight of their own " Condition, yet they find themſelves ſo miſerably " entangled and hampered in an evil Courſe, and " bound ſo faſt in Chains of their own Wickedneſs, " that they know not how to get looſe. Sin is the

" ſaddeſt

" ſaddeſt Slavery in the World; it breaks and ſinks
" Mens Spirits, and makes them ſo baſe and ſer-
" vile, that they have not the Courage to reſcue them-
" ſelves. No ſort of Slaves are ſo poor-ſpirited, as
" they that are in Bondage to their Luſts. Their
" Power is gone; or if they have any left, they have
" not the heart to make uſe of it. And tho' they ſee
" and feel their Miſery, yet they chuſe rather to ſit
" down in it, and tamely to ſubmit to it, than to
" make any reſolute Attempts for their Liberty."
And afterwards—" Blind and miſerable Men!
" that in Deſpite of all the merciful Warnings of
" God's Word and Providence, will run themſelves
" into this deſperate State, and never think of re-
" turning to a better Mind, till their Retreat is dif-
" ficult, almoſt to an Impoſſibility." 29th Sermon
1ſt Vol. *Fol.*

2 *Like the* Pythian *Prieſteſs*, &c.] This Parallel or Compariſon drawn between the *Pythian* Prieſteſs of *Apollo*, and Imitators of the beſt Authors, is happily invented, and quite compleat. Nothing can be more beautiful, more analogous, more expreſſive. It was the Cuſtom for the *Pythian* to ſit on the Tripod, till ſhe was rapt into divine Phrenzy by the Operation of Effluvia iſſuing out of the Clefts of the Earth. In the ſame manner, ſays *Longinus*, they, who imitate the beſt Writers, ſeem to be inſpired by thoſe whom they imitate, and to be actuated by their ſublime Spirit. In this Compariſon, thoſe divine Writers are ſet on a Level almoſt with the Gods; they have equal Power attributed to them, with the Deity preſiding over

over Oracles, and the Effect of their Operations on their Imitators is honoured with the Title of a divine Spirit. Dr. *Pearce.*

3 *Steſichorus*] A noble Poet, Inventor of the *Lyric Chorus.* He was born, according to *Suidas*, in the 37th *Olympiad. Quinctilian Inſtit. Orat.* l. x. c. 1. ſays thus of him: *If he had kept in due Bounds, he ſeems to have been able to come the neareſt to a Rivalſhip with* Homer. *Idem.*

4 *Had he not been ambitious*, &c.] *Plato* in his younger Days had an Inclination to Poetry, and made ſome Attempts in Tragedy and Epic, but finding them unable to bear a Parallel with the Verſes of *Homer*, he threw them into the Fire, and abjured that ſort of writing, in which he was convinced he muſt always remain an Inferior: However the Stile of his Proſe has a Poetical Sweetneſs, Majeſty, and Elevation. Tho' he deſpaired of equalling *Homer* in his own way; yet he has nobly ſucceeded in another, and is juſtly eſteemed the *Homer* of Philoſophers. *Cicero* was ſo great an Admirer of him, that he ſaid, *If* Jupiter *converſed with Men, he would talk in the Language of* Plato. It was a common Report, in the Age he lived, that Bees dropt Honey on his Lips, as he lay in the Cradle. And it is ſaid, that, the Night before he was placed under the Tuition of *Socrates*, the Philoſopher dreamed he had embraced a young Swan in his Boſom, who, after his Feathers were full grown, ſtretched out his Wings, and ſoared to an immenſe height in the Air, ſinging all the time with inexpreſſible Sweetneſs. This ſhews at

leaſt, what a great Opinion they then entertained of his Eloquence, ſince they thought its appearance worthy to be uſhered into the World with Omens and Prognoſtics.

SECT. XV.

1 *Virgil* refers to this Paſſage in his Fourth *Æneid.* v. 470.

Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,
Armatam facibus matrem & ſerpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine Diræ.
Or mad Oreſtes *when his Mother's Ghoſt*
Full in his Face infernal Torches toſs'd,
And ſhook her ſnaky Locks: He ſhuns the fight,
Flies o'er the Stage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright,
The Furies guard the Door, and intercept his flight.

Dryden.

" There is not (ſays Mr. *Addiſon, Spectator* N° 421.)
" a Sight in Nature ſo mortifying, as that of a diſ-
" tracted Perſon, when his Imagination is troubled,
" and his whole Soul diſorder'd and confus'd:
" *Babylon* in Ruins is not ſo melancholy a Spec-
" tacle."

The Diſtraction of *Oreſtes*, after the murder of his Mother, is a fine Repreſentation in *Euripides*, becauſe it is natural. The conſciouſneſs of what he has done, is uppermoſt in his Thoughts, diſorders his Fancy, and confounds his Reaſon. He is ſtrongly apprehenſive of divine Vengeance, and the violence of his Fears places the avenging Furies before his Eyes. Whenever the Mind is harraſſed by the Stings of Conſcience, or the Horrors of Guilt, the Senſes are liable

liable to infinite Deluſions, and ſtartle at hideous imaginary Monſters. The Poet, who can touch ſuch Incidents with happy Dexterity, and paint ſuch Images of Conſternation, will infallibly work upon the Minds of others. This is what *Longinus* commends in *Euripides*; and here it muſt be added, that no Poet in this Branch of Writing can enter into a Parallel with *Shakeſpear*.

When *Mackbeth* is preparing for the murder of *Duncan*, his Imagination is big with the Attempt, and is quite upon the Rack. Within, his Soul is diſmayed with the Horror of ſo black an Enterprize, and every thing, without, looks diſmal and affrighting. His Eyes rebel againſt his Reaſon, and make him ſtart at Images that have no Reality.

Is this a Dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee!
I have thee not — and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

He then endeavours to ſummon his Reaſon to his Aid, and convince himſelf that it is mere Chimera; but in vain, the Terror ſtamped on his Imagination will not be ſhook off.

I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw —

Here he makes a new Attempt to reaſon himſelf out of the Deluſion, but it is quite too ſtrong.

——— ——— I ſee thee ſtill,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing—

The Deluſion is deſcribed in ſo skilful a manner, that the Audience cannot but ſhare the Conſternation, and ſtart at the viſionary Dagger.

The Genius of the Poet will appear more ſurprizing, if we conſider how the Horror is continually worked up, by the Method in which the Perpetration of the Murder is repreſented. The Contraſt between *Mackbeth* and his Wife is juſtly characterized, by the hard-hearted Villany of the one, and the Qualms of Remorſe in the other. The leaſt Noiſe, the very Sound of their own Voices is ſhocking and frightful to both:

——————— *Hark! peace!*
It was the Owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night—he is about it—

And again immediately after,

——Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs them———

The beſt way to commend it, as it deſerves, would be, to quote the whole Scene. The Fact is repreſented in the ſame affecting Horror, as would riſe in the Mind at ſight of the actual Commiſſion. Every ſingle Image ſeems reality, and alarms the Soul. They ſeize the whole Attention, ſtiffen and benumb the Senſe, the very Blood curdles and runs cold, thro' the ſtrongeſt abhorrence and deteſtation of the Crime.

2 This Paſſage, in all probability, is taken from a Tragedy of *Euripides*, named *Phaëthon*, which is entirely loſt. *Ovid* had certainly an eye to it in his *Met. l.* ii. when he puts theſe Lines into the Mouth of *Phœbus*, reſigning the Chariot of the Sun to *Phaethon:* *Zona-*

Zonarumque trium contentus ſine, polumque
Effugit auſtralem, junctamque aquilonibus arcton:
Hac ſit iter: manifeſta rotæ veſtigia cernes.
Utque ferant æquos & cœlum & terra calores,
Nec preme, nec ſummum molire per æthera currum.
Altius egreſſus, cœleſtia tecta cremabis;
Inferius terras: medio tutiſſimus ibis.
Drive 'em not on directly through the Skies,
But where the Zodiac's *winding Circle lies,*
Along the midmoſt Zone; *but ſally forth,*
Nor to the diſtant South, *nor ſtormy* North.
The Horſes hoofs a beaten track will ſhow;
But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low;
That no new fires or heav'n, or earth infeſt;
Keep the mid-way, the middle way is beſt.

Addiſon.

The Sublimity, which *Ovid* here borrowed from *Euripides*, he has diminiſhed, almoſt vitiated, by Flouriſhes. A ſublimer Image can no where be found than in the Song of *Deborah*, after *Siſera*'s Defeat, (*Judge.* v. 28.—) where the vain-glorious Boaſts of *Siſera*'s Mother, when expecting his return, and, as ſhe was confident, his victorious return, are deſcribed:

The mother of Siſera look'd out at a window, and cried through the latteſſe, Why is his chariot ſo long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots? Her wiſe ladies anſwered her; yea, ſhe returned anſwer to herſelf: Have they not ſped? have they not divided the prey, to every man a damſel or two? to Siſera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-

work, of divers colours of needle-work on both ſides, meet for the necks of them that take the ſpoil? Dr. *Pearce.*

3 The *Caſſandra* of *Euripides* is now entirely loſt.

4 The following Image in *Milton* is great and dreadful. The fallen Angels fired by the Speech of their Leader, are too violent to yield to his Propoſal in Words, but aſſent in a manner, that at once diſplays the Art of the Poet, gives the Reader a terrible Idea of the fallen Angels, and imprints a Dread and Horror on the Mind.

He ſpake; and to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of heav'n.

How vehemently does the Fury of *Northumberland* exert itſelf in *Shakeſpear*, when he hears of the Death of his Son *Hotſpur*. The Rage and Diſtraction of the ſurviving Father ſhews, how important the Son was in his Opinion. Nothing muſt be, now he is not: Nature itſelf muſt fall with *Percy*. His Grief renders him frantic, his Anger deſperate.

Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet

On

On bloody courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.

5 *Tollius* is of Opinion, that *Longinus* blames neither the Thought of *Euripides* nor *Æſchylus*, but only the word Βακχεύει, which, he ſays, has not ſo much Sweetneſs, nor raiſes ſo nice an Idea, as the word συμβακχεύει. Dr. *Pearce* thinks, *Æſchylus* is cenſured for making the Palace inſtinct with *Bacchanalian* Fury, to which *Euripides* has given a ſofter and ſweeter Turn, by making the Mountain only reflect the Cries of the *Bacchanals*.

There is a daring Image, with an Expreſſion of a harſh Sound, on account of its Antiquity, in *Spencer*'s *Fairy-Queen*, which may parallel that of *Æſchylus*:

She foul blaſphemous ſpeeches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes horrible to tell;
That e'en the Temple wherein ſhe was plac'd,
Did quake to hear, and nigh aſunder braſt.

Milton ſhews a greater boldneſs of Fiction than either *Euripides* or *Æſchylus*, and tempers it with the utmoſt Propriety, when at *Adam*'s eating the forbidden Fruit,

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; and nature gave a ſecond groan;
Sky lowr'd, and mutt'ring thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept, at compleating of the mortal ſin.

6 The Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where this Apparition is deſcribed, is entirely loſt. Dr. *Pearce* obſerves, that there is an unhappy Imitation of it in the beginning of *Seneca*'s *Troades*; and another in *Ovid*

Metam. l. xiii. 441. neat without Spirit, and elegant without Grandeur.

Ghoſts are very frequent in *Engliſh* Tragedies; but Ghoſts, as well as Fairies, ſeem to be the peculiar Province of *Shakeſpear*. In ſuch Circles none but he could move with Dignity. That in *Hamlet* is introduced with the utmoſt Solemnity, awful throughout, and majeſtic. At the appearance of *Banquo* in *Macbeth* (Act. 3. Sc. 5.) the Images are ſet off in the ſtrongeſt Expreſſion, and ſtrike the Imagination with high degrees of Horror, which is ſupported with ſurprizing Art through the whole Scene.

There is a fine Touch of this Nature in *Job* iv. 13. *In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake: Then a ſpirit paſſed before my face, the hair of my fleſh ſtood up. It ſtood ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form thereof: an image* was *before mine eyes*—there was *ſilence*—*and I heard a voice*, ſaying, *Shall mortal man be more juſt than God?* &c. &c.

7 *Simonides* the *Ceian* was a celebrated Poet. *Cicero De orat. l.* 2. declares him the Inventor of artificial Memory: and *Quinctilian l.* x. *c.* 1. gives him this Commendation as a Poet: *His excellency lay in moving compaſſion, ſo that ſome prefer him in this particular before all other writers.* Dr. *Pearce.*

SECT. XVI.

1 *Such a ſolemn*, &c.] The Obſervations on this Oath are judicious and ſolid. But there is one infinitely more ſolemn and awful in *Jeremiah* xxii. 5.

But

But if ye will not hear theſe words, I ſwear by myſelf, ſaith the Lord, that this houſe ſhall become a deſolation.

See *Geneſis* xxii. 16. and *Hebrews* vi. 13.

2 *Eupolis.*] He was an *Athenian* writer of Comedy, of whom nothing remains at preſent, but the renown of his Name. Dr. *Pearce.*

3 *But the grandeur*, &c.] This Judgment is admirable, and *Longinus* alone ſays more, than all the Writers on Rhetoric, that ever examined this Paſſage of *Demoſthenes*. *Quinctilian* indeed was very ſenſible of the ridiculouſneſs of uſing Oaths, if they were not applied as happily as the Orator has applied them; but he has not at the ſame Time laid open the Defects, which *Longinus* evidently diſcovers, in a bare Examination of this Oath in *Eupolis*. *Dacier.*

SECT. XVIII.

1 *Is not diſcourſe enliven'd*, &c.] *Deborah's* words in the Perſon of *Siſera's* Mother, inſtanced above on another Occaſion, are alſo a noble Example of the uſe of Interrogations. Nor can I in this place paſs by a Paſſage in the hiſtorical Part of Scripture; I mean the words of Chriſt, in this Figure of Self-interrogation and Anſwer. *What went ye out into the wilderneſs to ſee? a reed ſhaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to ſee? a man clothed in ſoft raiment? behold, they that wear ſoft clothing, are in kings houſes? But what went ye out for to ſee? a prophet? yea, I ſay unto you, more than a prophet.* Mat. xi. 7-9. Dr. *Pearce.*

That

That the Senſe receives Strength, as well as Beauty, from this Figure, is no where ſo viſible, as in the poetical and prophetical Parts of Scripture. Numberleſs Inſtances might be eaſily produced, and we are puzzled how to pitch on any in particular, amidſt ſo fine Variety, leſt the Choice might give room to call our Judgment in queſtion, for taking no notice of others, that perhaps are more remarkable.

Any Reader will obſerve, that there is a poetical Air in the Predictions of *Balaam* in the 23d Chapter of *Numbers*, and that there is particularly an uncommon Grandeur in *v.* 19.

God is not a man, that he ſhould lie, neither the Son of Man, that he ſhould repent. Hath he ſaid, and ſhall he not do it? or, hath he ſpoken, and ſhall he not make it good?

What is the cauſe of this Grandeur will immediately be ſeen, if the Senſe be preſerved, and the Words thrown out of Interrogation:

God is not a man, that he ſhould lie, neither the Son of Man, that he ſhould repent. What he has ſaid, he will do; and what he has ſpoke, he will make good.

The Difference is ſo viſible, that it is needleſs to enlarge upon it.

How artfully does St. *Paul* in *Acts* xxvi. transfer his Diſcourſe from *Feſtus* to *Agrippa*. In *v.* 26. he ſpeaks of him in the third Perſon. "*The King*, ſays he, *knoweth of theſe things, before whom I alſo ſpeak freely*—then in the following he turns ſhort upon him; *King Agrippa, believeſt thou the Prophets?* and immediately anſwers his own Queſtion, *I know that thou believeſt.*

The

The ſmootheſt Eloquence, the moſt inſinuating Complaiſance, could never have made ſuch Impreſſion on *Agrippa*, as this unexpected and pathetic Addreſs.

To theſe Inſtances may be added the whole 38th Chapter of *Job*; where we behold the Almighty Creator expoſtulating with his Creature, in Terms, which expreſs at once, the Majeſty and Perfection of the one, the Meanneſs and Frailty of the other. There we ſee, how vaſtly uſeful the Figure of Interrogation is, in giving us a lofty Idea of the Deity, whilſt every Queſtion awes us into Silence, and inſpires a Senſe of our own Inſufficiency.

2 Here are two Words in the Original, which are omitted in the Tranſlation; ἤρετό τις, *ſome body may demand*; but they manifeſtly debaſe the Beauty of the Figure. Dr. *Pearce* has an ingenious Conjecture, that having been ſometime ſet as marginal Explanations, they crept inſenſibly into the Text.

SECT. XIX.

1 "The want of a ſcrupulous Connexion draws "Things into a leſſer Compaſs, and adds the greater "Spirit and Emotion.—For the more Rays are "collected in a Point, the more vigorous is the "Flame. Hence there is yet greater *Emphaſis*, when "the Rout of an Army is ſhewn in the ſame con-"tracted Manner, as in the 24th of the *Odyſſey*, "*l.* 610. which has ſome Reſemblance to *Salluſt*'s "Deſcription of the ſame Thing, agreeable to his "uſual Conciſeneſs, in theſe four Words only, *Sequi, fugere, occidi, capi.*"

Eſſay on the *Odyſſey*, p. 2d, 113.

Voltaire

Voltaire has endeavoured to ſhew the Hurry and Confuſion of a Battle, in the ſame manner, in the *Henriade. Chant.* 6.

François, Anglois, Lorrains, que la fureur aſſemble,
Avançoient, combattoient, frappoient, mouroient enſemble.

The Hurry and Diſtraction of *Dido*'s Spirits, at *Æneas*'s Departure, is viſible from the abrupt and precipitate manner, in which ſhe commands her Servants to endeavour to ſtop him:

——————*Ite,*
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.

Æneid. ii.

Haſte, haul my Gallies out; purſue the Foe;
Bring flaming Brands, ſet ſail, and quickly row.

Dryden.

SECT. XX.

1 *When two or three are linked,* &c.—] Amongſt the various and beautiful Inſtances of an Aſſemblage of Figures, which may be produced, and which ſo frequently occur in the beſt Writings, one, I believe, has hitherto not been taken notice of; I mean the four laſt Verſes of the 24th *Pſalm.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of glory ſhall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord ſtrong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battles. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of glory ſhall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord of hoſts: he is the King of glory.

There are innumerable Inſtances of this kind in the poetical Parts of Scripture, particularly, in the Song of

of *Deborah* (*Judges* c. v.) and the Lamentation of *David* over *Saul* and *Jonathan* (2 *Samuel* c. i.) There is ſcarce one Thought in them, which is not figured; nor one Figure, which is not beautiful.

SECT. XXI.

1 *You will find that by ſmoothing*, &c.] No Writer ever made a leſs Uſe of Copulatives, than St. *Paul*. His Thoughts poured in ſo faſt upon him, that he had no leiſure to knit them together, by the help of Particles, but has by that means given them Weight, Spirit, Energy, and ſtrong Significance. An Inſtance of it may be ſeen in 2 *Corinth.* c. vi. From *v.* 4, to 10, is but one Sentence, of near thirty different Members, which are all detached from one another; and if the Copulatives be inſerted after the *Iſocratean* manner, the Strength will be quite impaired, and the ſedate Grandeur of the whole grow flat and heavy.

SECT. XXII.

1 *Virgil* is very happy in his Application of this Figure,

— *Moriamur, & in media arma ruamus.*

Æneid. *l.* ii. *v.* 348.

And again,

Me, me, adſum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.

Id. lib. ix. v. 427.

In both theſe Inſtances, the Words are removed, out of their right Order, into an irregular Diſpoſition, which is a natural Conſequence of Diſorder in the Mind. Dr. *Pearce*.

There is a fine *Hyperbaton* in the 5th Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

Sweet

Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds: pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs: and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild: then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train.
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends,
With charm of earlieſt birds: nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with dew: nor fragrance after ſhow'rs:
Nor grateful ev'ning mild: nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird: nor walk by noon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.

2 *When men are actuated*, &c.—] *Longinus* here, in explaining the Nature of the *Hyperbaton*, and again in the Cloſe of the Section, has made uſe of an *Hyperbaton*, or (to ſpeak more truly) of a certain confuſed and more extenſive Compaſs of a Sentence. Whether he did this by Accident, or Deſign, I cannot determine; tho' *Le Fevre* thinks it a piece of Art in the Author, in order to adapt the Diction to the Subject. Dr. *Pearce*.

3 *An Imitation of theſe*, &c.—] This fine Remark may be illuſtrated by a celebrated Paſſage in *Shakeſpear's Hamlet*, where the Poet's Art has hit off the ſtrongeſt and moſt exact Reſemblance of nature. The Behaviour of his Mother makes ſuch Impreſſion on the young Prince, that his Mind is big with Abhorrence of it, but Expreſſions fail him. He begins abruptly,

abruptly, but as Reflexions croud thick upon his Mind, he runs off into Commendations of his Father. Some Time after, his Thoughts turn again on that Action of his Mother, which had raiſed his Reſentments, but he only touches it, and flies off again. In ſhort he takes up eighteen Lines in telling us, that his Mother married again, in leſs than two Months after her Huſband's Death.

But two months dead! nay, not ſo much, not two—
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion *to a* Satyr: *ſo loving to my mother,*
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember?—why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month—
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month!—or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe *all tears—why ſhe, ev'n ſhe—*
Oh heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. *Within a month!—*
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing of her galled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed!

4. *He ſeems to invert*, &c.—] The eloquence of St. *Paul*, in moſt of his Speeches and Argumentations, bears a very great Reſemblance to that of *Demoſthenes*, as deſcribed in this Section by *Longinus*. Some important

portant Point being always uppermoſt in his View, he often leaves his Subject, and flies from it with brave Irregularity, and as unexpectedly again returns to his Subject, when one would imagine that he had entirely loſt ſight of it. For inſtance, in his Defence before King *Agrippa*, *Acts* c. xxvi. when, in order to wipe off the Aſperſions thrown upon him by the *Jews*, that he was a turbulent and ſeditious Perſon, he ſets out with clearing his Character, proving the Integrity of his Morals, and his inoffenſive unblameable Behaviour, as one, who hoped, by thoſe means, to attain that Happineſs of another Life, for which the twelve Tribes ſerved God continually in the Temple; on a ſudden he drops the Continuation of his Defence, and cries out, "*Why ſhould it be thought a Thing incredible with* "*you, that God ſhould raiſe the dead?*" It might be reaſonably expected, that this would be the End of his Argument; but by flying to it, in ſo quick and unexpected a Tranſition, he catches his Audience before they are aware, and ſtrikes dumb his Enemies, tho' they will not be convinced. And this Point being once carried, he comes about again as unexpectedly, by, *I verily thought*, &c. and goes on with his Defence, till it brings him again to the ſame Point of the Reſurrection, in *v.* 23.

SECT. XXIII.

1 *Polyptotes*] *Longinus* gives no Inſtance of this Figure: but one may be produced from *Cicero*'s Oration for *Cælius*, where he ſays: "We will contend "with Arguments, we will refute Accuſations by "Evidences brighter than Light itſelf: Fact ſhall "engage

" engage with Fact, Cauſe with Cauſe, Reaſon with " Reaſon." To which may be added that of *Virgil*, Æn. *l.* x. *v.* 361:

—*Hæret pede pes, denſuſque viro vir.*

Dr. *Pearce.*

2 *Collections.*] The Orator makes uſe of this Figure, when inſtead of the Whole of a Thing, he numbers up all its Particulars: of which we have an Inſtance in *Cicero*'s Oration for *Marcellus: The* Centurion *has no ſhare in this Honour, the Lieutenant none, the Cohort none, the Troop none.* If *Cicero* had ſaid, *The Soldiers have no ſhare in this Honour*, this would have declared his Meaning, but not the Force of the Speaker. See alſo *Quinctilian*, *Inſtit. orat. l.* viii. *c.* 2. *de congerie verborum ac ſententiarum idem ſignificantium.*

Dr. *Pearce.*

3 *Changes.*] *Quinctilian* gives an Inſtance of this Figure, *Inſtit. orat. l.* ix. *c.* 3. from *Cicero*'s Oration for *Sex. Roſcius:* " For tho' he is Maſter of ſo much " Art, as to ſeem the only Perſon alive, who is fit " to appear upon the Stage; yet he is poſſeſſed of " ſuch noble Qualities, that he ſeems to be the only " Man alive, who may ſeem worthy never to appear " there. Dr. *Pearce.*

4 *Gradations.*] There is an Inſtance of this Figure in *Rom.* v. It is continued throughout the Chapter, but the Branches of the latter part appear not plainly, becauſe of the Tranſpoſitions. It begins ver. 1. *Therefore being juſtified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. By whom alſo we have acceſs by faith into this Grace, wherein we ſtand, and re-*

joice in hope of the glory of God. And not only ſo, but we glory in tribulations alſo, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not aſhamed, becauſe, &c. &c.

5 *Changes either of time—gender*——] Changes of Caſe and Gender fall not under the Diſtrict of the *Engliſh* Tongue. On thoſe of Time, Perſon, and Number, *Longinus* enlarges in the Sequel.

6 The Beauty of this Figure will, I fear, be loſt in the Tranſlation. But it muſt be obſerved, that the Word *crowd*, is of the ſingular, and *appear*, of the plural Number. Allowance muſt be made in ſuch caſes, for when the Genius of another Language will not retain it, the original Beauty muſt unavoidably fly off.

7 *For to hang ſuch Trappings*, &c.——] I have given this Paſſage ſuch a Turn, as, I hope, will clear the Meaning to an *Engliſh* Reader. The literal Tranſlation is, *For hanging the bells every where ſavours too much of the Sophiſt or Pedant.* The Metaphor is borrowed from a Cuſtom among the Ancients, who at public Games and Concourſes were uſed to hang little Bells (κώδωνας) on the Bridles and Trapping of their Horſes, that their continual chiming might add Pomp to the Solemnity.

The Robe or Ephod of the High-prieſt, in the *Moſaic* Diſpenſation, had this Ornament of Bells, tho' another Reaſon, beſides the Pomp and Dignity of the Sound, is alledged for it in *Exodus* xxviii. 33.——

SECT.

SECT. XXIV.

1 *Beſides all* Peloponneſus.] Inſtead of, *all the Inhabitants* of *Peloponneſus*, *were at that time rent into Factions.*

St. *Paul* makes uſe of this Figure, jointly with a Change of Perſon, on ſeveral Occaſions, and with different Views. In *Rom.* vii. to avoid the direct Charge of Diſobedience on the whole Body of the *Jews*, he transfers the Diſcourſe into the firſt Perſon, and ſo charges the Inſufficiency and Frailty of all his Countrymen on himſelf, to guard againſt the Invidiouſneſs, which an open Accuſation might have drawn upon him. *See* ver. 9-25.

2 *The whole Theatre.*] Inſtead of, *all the People in the Theatre. Miletus* was a City of *Ionia*, which the *Perſians* beſieged and took. *Phrynichus*, a Tragic Poet, brought a Play on the Stage, about the Demolition of this City. But the *Athenians* (as *Herodotus* informs us) fined him a thouſand *Drachmæ*, for ripping open afreſh their domeſtic Sores; and publiſhed an Edict, that no one ſhould ever after write on that Subject.

Dr. *Pearce.*

Shakeſpear makes a noble uſe of this Figure, in the following Lines from his *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, tho' in the Cloſe, there is a very ſtrong Daſh of the *Hyperbole:*

——————— *The city caſt*
Her people out upon her, and Anthony
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did ſit alone
Whiſtling to th' air; which but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra *too,*
And made a gap in nature.——

SECT. XXV.

1 So *Virgil* Æn. *l.* xi. *ver.* 637.

Orſilochus Romuli, quando ipſum horrebat adire,
Haſtam intorſit equo, ferrumque ſub aure reliquit.
Quo ſonipes ictu furit arduus, altaque jactat
Vulneris impatiens adrecto pectore crura.
Volvitur ille excuſſus humi.——

By making uſe of the preſent Tenſe, *Virgil* makes the Reader ſee almoſt with his Eyes, the Wound of the Horſe, and the fall of the Warriour. Dr. *Pearce.*

SECT. XXVI.

1 *Virgil* ſupplies another Inſtance of the Efficacy of this Figure, in the *Æn.* l. viii. ver. 689.

Unà omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convolſum remis roſtriſque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revolſas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

The Alluſions in the laſt two Lines prodigiouſly heighten and exalt the Subject. So *Taſſo* deſcribes the Horror of a Battle very pompouſly, in his *Gieruſalemme liberata*, Canto 9no.

L'horror, la crudeltà, la tema, il lutto
Van d'intorno ſcorrendo: et in varia imago
Vincitrice la morte errar per tutto
Vedreſti, et andeggiar di ſangue un lago.

2 *Soloman*'s Words, in *Prov.* viii. 34. bear ſome Reſemblance, in the Tranſition, to this Inſtance from *Homer: She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city,*

at

at the coming in of the doors —— *Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the ſons of men.* Dr. *Pearce.*

There is alſo an Example of it, in St. *Luke* v. 14. *And he commandeth him to tell no man, but* —— *Go, ſhew thyſelf to the prieſt.*

And another more remarkable, in *Pſalm* cxxviii. 2. *Bleſſed are all they that fear the Lord, and walk in his way* —— *For thou ſhalt eat the labours of thy hand. Oh! well is thee, and happy ſhalt thou be.*

It is obſervable, that the latter Part of this Verſe tranſgreſſes againſt the Rules of Grammar; but I think the Spirit would have been much impaired, had it been, *Oh! well art thou*, inſtead of, *Oh! well is thee.* It is a beautiful Diſorder, and does Honour to the Tranſlators.

SECT. XXVII.

1 There is a celebrated and maſterly Tranſition of this kind, in the 4th Book of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt.*

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe
And ſtarry pole —— *Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,*
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day.

Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, "That moſt of the modern "Heroic Poets have imitated the Ancients, in Be- "ginning a Speech, without premiſing that the Per- "ſon ſaid thus, or thus; but as it is eaſy to imitate "the Ancients in the Omiſſion of two or three "Words, it requires Judgment to do it in ſuch a

" manner, as they ſhall not be miſſed, and that the " Speech may begin naturally without them.

Spectator, N°. 321.

2 *Hecataeus.*] He means *Hecataeus* the *Mileſian*, the firſt of the Hiſtorians, according to *Suidas*, who wrote in Proſe. *Langbaine.*

3 *And attacks him afreſh*, &c.—] This Figure is very artfully uſed by St. *Paul*, in his Epiſtle to the *Romans*. His Drift is to ſhew, that the *Jews* were not the People of God, excluſive of the *Gentiles*, and had no more Reaſon than they, to form ſuch high Pretenſions, ſince they had been equally guilty of violating the moral Law of God, which was antecedent to the *Moſaic*, and of eternal Obligation. Yet not to exaſperate the *Jews* at ſetting out, and ſo render them averſe to all the Arguments he might afterwards produce, he begins with the *Gentiles*, and gives a black Catalogue of all their Vices, which (in reality were, as well as) appeared exceſſively heinous in the Eyes of the *Jews*, till in the Beginning of the ſecond Chapter, he unexpectedly turns upon them with, *Therefore thou art inexcuſable, O man, whoſoever thou art that judgeſt*, ver. 1. and again, ver. 3. *And thinkeſt thou this, O man, that judgeſt them which do ſuch things, and doeſt the ſame, that thou ſhalt eſcape the judgement of God*, &c. &c. If the whole be read with Attention, the Apoſtle's Art will be found ſurprizing, his Eloquence will appear grand, his Strokes cutting, the Attacks he makes on the *Jews* ſucceſſive, and riſing in their Strength.

4 In theſe Verſes *Penelope*, after ſhe had ſpoke of the Suitors in the third Perſon, ſeems on a ſudden

exaſperated

exaſperated at their Proceedings, and addreſſes her Diſcourſe to them as if they were preſent,

Why thus, ungen'rous men, devour my Son? &c.

To which Paſſage in *Homer*, one in *Virgil* bears great Reſemblance, *Æn.* iii. *v.* 708.

— *Hic pelagi tot tempeſtatibus actus,*
Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ caſuſque levamen,
Amitto Anchiſen; hic me, pater optime, feſſum
Deſeris, heu! tantis nequicquam erepte periclis.

As does a Paſſage alſo in the poetical Book of *Job*, c. xvi. ver. 7. where, after he had ſaid of God, *But now he hath made me weary*, by a ſudden Tranſition, he addreſſes his Speech to God in the Words immediately following, *thou haſt made deſolate all my company.* Dr. *Pearce.*

SECT. XXVIII.

1 Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* will afford us an Inſtance of the Uſe of this Figure, on the ſame Thought almoſt as that quoted by *Longinus* from *Plato.*

" When we conſider, that we have but a little " while to be here, that we are upon our Journey " travelling towards our heavenly Country, where " we ſhall meet with all the Delights we can de- " ſire; it ought not to trouble us much, to endure " Storms and foul Ways, and to want many of " thoſe Accommodations we might expect at home. " This is the common Fate of Travellers, and we " muſt take Things as we find them, and not look " to have every thing juſt to our Mind. Theſe Dif- " ficulties and Inconveniencies will ſhortly be over, " and after a few Days will be quite forgotten, and

" be to us as tho' they had never been. And when " we are ſafely landed in our own Country, with " what Pleaſure ſhall we look back on thoſe rough " and boiſterous Seas we have eſcaped?" 1 Vol. *p.* 98. *Folio.*

In each Paſſage, Death is the principal Thought, to which all the Circumſtances of the Circumlocutions chiefly refer; but the Archbiſhop has wound it up to a greater Height, and tempered it with more agreeable and more extenſive Sweetneſs. *Plato* interrs his Heroes, and then bids them Adieu; but the Chriſtian Orator conducts them to a better World, from whence he gives them a Retroſpect of that, thro' which they have paſſed; to enlarge the Comforts, and give them a higher Enjoyment of the future.

2 *The female Diſeaſe.*] The Beauty of this *Periphraſis*, which *Longinus* ſo highly commends, appears not at preſent. Commentators indeed have laboured hard to diſcover what this Diſeaſe was, and abundance of Remarks, learned and curious to be ſure, have been made upon it. It is Pity Madame *Dacier* never undertook it, for if the Ladies cannot explain it, I fancy no body ever will.

SECT. XXIX.

1 *Circumlocution is indeed*, &c.——] *Shakeſpear*, in King *Richard* the Second, has made ſick *John* of *Gaunt* pour out ſuch a Multitude to expreſs *England*, as never was, nor ever will be met with again. Some of them indeed ſound very finely, at leaſt, in the Ears of an *Engliſhman:* For Inſtance,

This

This royal throne of kings, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, *demy paradiſe,*
This fortreſs built by nature for herſelf
Againſt infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea.——

SECT. XXXI.

1 There never was a Line of higher Grandeur, or more honourable to human Nature, expreſſed at the ſame Time in a greater Plainneſs and Simplicity of Terms, than the following, in the *Eſſay on Man.*

An honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God.

2 *Vulgar Terms are ſometimes much more,* &c.——] Images, drawn from common Life or familiar Objects, ſtand in need of a deal of Judgment to ſupport and keep them from ſinking, but have a much better Effect, and are far more expreſſive, when managed by a skilful Hand, than thoſe of a higher Nature: The Truth of this Remark is viſible from theſe Lines in *Shakeſpear*'s *Romeo* and *Juliet:*

—— *I would have thee gone,*
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor Priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread pulls it back again,
So loving jealous of its liberty.——

Mr. *Addiſon* has made uſe of an Image of a lower Nature in his *Cato*, where the Lover cannot part with his Miſtreſs without the higheſt Regret, as the Lady could not with her Lover in the former

mer Inſtance from *Shakeſpear*. He has touch'd it with equal Delicacy and Grace:

Thus oe'r the dying lamp th'unſteady flame
Hangs quiv'ring to a point; leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.

I have ventured to give theſe Inſtances of the Beauty and Strength of Images taken from low and common Objects, becauſe what the Critic ſays of Terms, holds equally in regard to Images. An Expreſſion is not the worſe for being obvious and familiar, for a judicious application gives it new Dignity and ſtrong Significance. All Images and Words are dangerous to ſuch as want Genius and Spirit. By their Management, grand Words and Images improperly thrown together ſink into Burleſque and ſounding Nonſenſe, and the eaſy and familiar are tortured into inſipid Fuſtian. A true Genius will ſteer ſecurely in either Courſe, and with ſuch bold Raſhneſs on particular Occaſions, that he will almoſt touch upon Rocks, yet never receive any Damage. This Remark, in that part of it which regards the Terms, may be illuſtrated by the following Lines of *Shakeſpear*, ſpoken by *Apemantus* to *Timon*, when he had abjured all human Society, and vow'd to paſs the remainder of his Days in a Deſert.

—— —— What? think'ſt thou
That the bleak air, thy boiſt'rous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moiſt trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte

To

To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpite
Or wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find ———

The whole is carried on with ſo much Spirit, and ſupported by ſuch an air of Solemnity, that it is noble and affecting. Yet the ſame Expreſſions and Alluſions, in inferior Hands, might have retained their original Baſeneſs, and been quite ridiculous.

SECT. XXXII.

1 *Demoſthenes*, in this Inſtance, burſts not out upon the traiterous Creatures of *Philip*, with ſuch Bitterneſs and Severity, ſtrikes them not dumb, with ſuch a continuation of vehement and cutting Metaphors, as St. *Jude* ſome profligate Wretches in his Epiſtle, *v.* 12, 13.

Theſe are ſpots in your feaſts of charity, when they feaſt with you, feeding themſelves without fear: clouds they are without water, carried about of winds: trees, whoſe fruit withereth, without fruit, pluck'd up by the roots: raging waves of the ſea, foaming out their own ſhame: wandring ſtars, to whom is reſerved the blackneſs of darkneſs for ever.

By how much the bold Defence of Chriſtianity, againſt the lewd Practices, inſatiable Luſts, and impious Blaſphemies of wicked abandoned Men, is more glorious than the Defence of a petty State, againſt the Intrigues of a foreign Tyrant; or, by how much more honourable and praiſe-worthy it is, to contend

for

for the Glory of God and Religion, than the Reputation of one Republic; by ſo much, does this Paſſage of the Apoſtle exceed that of *Demoſthenes*, commended by *Longinus*, in force of Expreſſion, livelineſs of Alluſion, and height of Sublimity.

2 *Bold Metaphors, and thoſe too in great plenty*, &c.] This Remark ſhews the Penetration of the Judgment of *Longinus*, and proves the Propriety of the ſtrong Metaphors in Scripture; as when *Arrows are ſaid to be drunk with blood*, and *a ſword to devour fleſh*. (Deut. xxxii. 42.) It illuſtrates the Eloquence of St. *Paul*, who uſes ſtronger, more expreſſive, and more accumulated Metaphors, than any other Writer; as when, for Inſtance, he ſtiles his Converts, *His joy, his crown, his hope, his glory, his crown of rejoicing*. (Phil. iii. 9.) When he exhorts them *to put on Chriſt*. (Rom. xiii. 14.) When he ſpeaks againſt the Heathens, *who had changed the truth of God into a lye*. (Rom. i. 25.) When againſt wicked men, *whoſe end is deſtruction, whoſe God is their belly, and whoſe glory is their ſhame*. (Phil. iii. 19.) See a Chain of ſtrong ones, *Rom.* iii. 13-18.

3 The Allegory or Chain of Metaphors that occurs in *Pſalm* lxxx. 8. is no way inferior to this of *Plato*. The royal Author ſpeaks thus of the People of *Iſrael*, under the Metaphor of a Vine:

Thou haſt brought a vine out of Egypt: thou haſt caſt out the heathen, and planted it. Thou madeſt room for it, and when it had taken root, it filled the land. The hills were covered with the ſhadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedar-trees. She ſtretch'd out her branches unto the ſea, and her boughs unto the river. Dr. *Pearce*.

St.

St. *Paul* has nobly deſcribed, in a continuation of Metaphors, the Chriſtian Armour, in his Epiſtle to the *Epheſ.* vi. 13——

The ſublime Deſcription of the Horſe, in *Job c.* xxxix. 19-25. has been highly applauded by ſeveral Writers. The Reader may ſee ſome juſt Obſervations on it, in the *Guardian* N° 86. But the 29th Chapter of the ſame Book will afford as fine Inſtances of the Beauty and Energy of this Figure, as can any where be met with.

Oh that I were as in months paſt, as in the days when God preſerved me!—when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me: when I waſhed my ſteps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil!—When the ear heard me, then it bleſſed me; and when the eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to me.——The bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh, came upon me, and I cauſed the widow's heart to ſing for joy. I put on righteouſneſs, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor.——

There is another beautiful uſe of this Figure in the latter part of the 65th *Pſalm.* The Deſcription is lively, and what the *French* call *riante*, or laughing. It has indeed been frequently obſerved, that the Eaſtern Writings abound very much in ſtrong Metaphors, but in Scripture they are always ſupported by a Ground-work of maſculine and nervous Strength, without which they are apt to ſwell into ridiculous Bombaſt.

4 *Lyſias.*] He was one of the ten celebrated Orators of *Athens*. He was a neat, elegant, correct, and witty Writer, but not ſublime. *Cicero* calls him *prope perfectum*, almoſt perfect. *Quinctilian* ſays he was more like a clear Fountain, than a great River.

SECT. XXXIII.

1 *In paſſing our judgment*, &c.] So *Horace*, *Ep. l.* ii. *Ep.* i. 262.

Diſcit enim citiùs meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.

2 *I judge them*, &c.] So *Horace*, *Ars Poet.* 351.

—ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura———

3 *Tho' they cannot every where boaſt*, &c.] So Mr. *Pope*, in the Spirit of *Longinus:*

Great wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the rules of art;
Which, without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

4 *Appollonius.*] *Appollonius* was born at *Alexandria*, but called a *Rhodian*, becauſe he reſided at *Rhodes*. He was the Scholar of *Callimachus*, and ſucceeded *Eratoſthenes* as Keeper of *Ptolemy*'s Library: He wrote the *Argonautics*, which are ſtill extant. Of this Poet *Quinctilian* has thus given his Judgment, *Inſtit. orat. l.* x. *c.* i. *He publiſhed a Performance, which was*

was not deſpicable, but had a certain even Mediocrity throughout. Dr. *Pearce.*

5 *Eratoſthenes.*] *Eratoſthenes* the *Cyrenæan*, Scholar of *Callimachus* the Poet. Among other Pieces of Poetry, he wrote the *Erigone.* He was Predeceſſor to *Apollonius*, in *Ptolemy*'s Library at *Alexandria.* Dr. *Pearce.*

6 *Bacchylides.*] A *Greek* Poet, famous for Lyric Verſe; born at *Julis*, a Town in the Iſle of *Ceos.* He wrote the *Apodemics*, or the Travels of a Deity. The Emperor *Julian* was ſo pleas'd with his Verſes, that he is ſaid to have drawn from thence Rules for the conduct of Life. And *Hiero* the *Syracuſan* thought them preferable even to *Pindar*'s, by a judgment quite contrary to what is given here by *Longinus.* Dr. *Pearce.*

7 Iö *the* Chian.] A *Dithyrambic* Poet, who, beſide Odes, is ſaid to have compoſed forty Fables. He is called by *Ariſtophanes*, *The Eaſtern Star*, becauſe he died, whilſt he was writing an Ode that began with thoſe Words. Dr. *Pearce.*

8 *The* Œdipus *of* Sophocles.] The *Œdipus Tyrannus*, the moſt celebrated Tragedy of *Sophocles*, which (as Dr. *Pearce* obſerves) Poets of almoſt all Nations have endeavoured to imitate, tho' in my Opinion very little to their Credit.

SECT. XXXIV.

1 *The graces—of* Lyſias.] For the clearer underſtanding of this Paſſage, we muſt obſerve, that there are two ſorts of Graces; the one majeſtic and grave, and proper for the Poets, the other ſimple and

like

like Railleries in Comedy. Thoſe of the laſt ſort enter into the Compoſition of the poliſhed Stile, called by the Rhetoricians γλαφυρὸν λόγον; and of this kind were the Graces of *Lyſias*, who in the Judgment of *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſs*, excelled in the poliſhed Stile; and for this Reaſon *Cicero* calls him, *venuſtiſſimum Oratorem*. We have one Inſtance of the Graces of this pretty Orator. Speaking one Day againſt *Æſchines*, who was in love with an old Woman, *He is enamoured*, cried he, *with a Lady, whoſe Teeth may be counted eaſier than her Fingers*. Upon this account *Demetrius* has rank'd the Graces of *Lyſias*, in the ſame Claſs, with thoſe of *Sophron*, a Farce-writer. *Dacier*.

2 *Had he ever attempted—as a foil to* Hyperides.] *Hyperides*, of whom mention has been made already, and whom the Author in this Section compares with *Demoſthenes*, was one of the ten famous Orators of *Athens*. He was *Plato*'s Scholar, and thought by ſome to have ſhared with *Lycurgus* in the public Adminiſtration. His Orations for *Phryne* and *Athenogenes* were very much eſteemed, tho' his Defence of the former owed its Succeſs to a very remarkable Incident, mentioned by *Plutarch*. (*Life of the ten Orators, in Hyperides.*)

Phryne was the moſt famous Courtezan of that Age, her Form ſo beautiful, that it was taken as a Model, for all the Statues of *Venus* carved at that Time, throughout *Greece*: Yet an Intrigue between her and *Hyperides* grew ſo ſcandalous, that an Accuſation was preferred againſt her, in the Courts of *Athens*.

Athens. *Hyperides* defended her with all the Art and Rhetoric, which Experience and Love could teach him, and his Oration for her was as pretty and beautiful as his Subject. But as what is ſpoke to the Ears makes not ſo deep an Impreſſion, as what is ſhewn to the Eyes; *Hyperides* found his Eloquence unavailing, and effectually to ſoften the Judges, uncovered the Lady's Boſom. Its ſnowy Whiteneſs was an Argument in her Favour not to be reſiſted, and therefore ſhe was immediately acquitted.

Longinus's Remark is a Compliment to *Hyperides*, but does a ſecret Honour to *Demoſthenes*. *Hyperides* was a graceful, genteel Speaker, one that could ſay pretty Things, divert his Audience, and when a Lady was the Topic, quite out-ſhine *Demoſthenes*; whoſe Eloquence was too grand to appear for any thing, but Honour and Liberty. Then he could warm, tranſport, and triumph; could revive in his degenerate Countrymen a Love of their Country and a Zeal for Freedom; could make them cry out in Rage and Fury, *Let us arm, let us away, let us march againſt* Philip.

SECT. XXXV.

1 *Nor do we reckon*, &c.] We have a noble Deſcription of the *Vulcano* of *Ætna* in *Virgil*, *Æn. l.* iii. *v.* 571. which will illuſtrate this Paſſage in *Longinus*:

— Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram porumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo & candente favillâ,
Attollitque globos flammarum, & ſidera lambit:
Interdum ſcopulos, avolſaque viſcera montis

Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæſtuat imo.
——— *The coaſt where* Ætna *lies,*
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire;
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhow'rs of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones, and ruddy flames
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or ſlings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench, and ſmoke.

Mr. Addiſon.

Longinus's ſhort Deſcription has the ſame Spirit and Grandeur with *Virgil*'s. The *ſidera lambit* in the fourth Line has the Swell in it, which *Longinus*, Sect. iii. calls ſuper-tragical. This is the Remark of Dr. *Pearce*; and it is obſervable, that Mr. *Addiſon* has taken no notice of thoſe Words in his Tranſlation.

SECT. XXXVI.

1 *Never fails of its uſe and advantage.*] *Longinus* in the preceding Section had ſaid, that Men view with Amaze the celeſtial Fires (ſuch as the Sun and Moon) tho' they are frequently obſcured; the caſe is the ſame with the burning Mountain *Ætna*, tho' it caſts up pernicious Fire from its Abyſs: But here, when he returns to the ſublime Authors, he intimates, that the Sublime is the more to be admired, becauſe far from being uſeleſs or amuſing, it is of great ſervice to its Authors, as well as to the Public Dr. *Pearce*.

2 *Coloſſus*.

2 *Coloſſus.*] The *Coloſſus* was a moſt famous Statue of *Apollo*, erected at *Rhodes* by *Jalyſius*, of a Size ſo vaſt, that the Sea ran, and Ships of the greateſt Burden ſailed, between its Legs. *Idem.*

SECT. XXXVII.

1 *Similes and Compariſons differ.*] The manner in which Similes or Compariſons differ from Metaphors, we cannot know from *Longinus*, becauſe of the Gap which follows in the Original; but they differ only in the Expreſſion. To ſay that, *fine Eyes are the Eyes of a Dove*, or that, *Cheeks are a Bed of Spices*, are ſtrong Metaphors, which become Compariſons, if expreſſed thus, *are as the Eyes of a Dove*, or *as a Bed of Spices*. Theſe two Compariſons are taken from the Deſcription of the Beloved in the Song of *Solomon* (v. 10-16.) in which there are more of great Strength and Propriety, and an uncommon Sweetneſs.

My Beloved is ſweet and ruddy, the chief among ten thouſand. His Head is as the moſt fine gold; his locks are buſhy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of a dove by the rivers of water, waſh'd with milk, and fitly ſet. His cheeks are as a bed of ſpices, as ſweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping ſweet-ſmelling myrrh. His hands are as gold-rings ſet with the beryl: his belly is as bright as ivory over-laid with ſapphire. His legs are as pillars of marble ſet upon ſockets of fine gold. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His mouth is moſt ſweet, yea, he is altogether lovely.

SECT. XXXVIII.

1 *Panegyric.*] This is the moſt celebrated Oration of *Iſocrates*, which after ten, or, as ſome ſay, fifteen Years Labour ſpent upon it, begins in ſo indiſcreet a manner. *Longinus*, Sect iii, has cenſured *Timæus*, for a frigid Parallel between the Expedition of *Alexander* and *Iſocrates*, yet *Gabriel de Petra*, an Editor of *Longinus*, is guilty of the ſame Fault, in making even an Elephant more expeditious than *Iſocrates*, becauſe they breed faſter, than he wrote.

2 *Thoſe Hyperboles*, &c.] The whole of this Remark is curious and refined. It is the importance of a Paſſion, which qualifies the Hyperbole, and makes that commendable, when uttered in warmth and vehemence, which in coolneſs and ſedateneſs would be inſupportable. So *Caſſius* ſpeaking invidiouſly of *Cæſar*, in order to raiſe the Indignation of *Brutus*;

Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, *and we petty men*
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.

So, again, in return to the ſwelling Arrogance of a Bully,

To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth——

Shakeſpear's Cymbeline.

Hyperboles literally are Impoſſibilities, and therefore can only then be ſeaſonable or productive of Subli-

Sublimity, when the Circumſtances may be ſtretched beyond their proper ſize, that they may appear without fail important and great.

3 *So in Comedy*, &c.] The Author has hitherto treated of Hyperboles as conducive to Sublimity, which has nothing to do with Humour and Mirth, the peculiar Province of Comedy. Here the Incidents muſt be ſo over-ſtretched, as to promote Diverſion and Laughter. Now what is moſt abſurd and incredible, ſometimes becomes the keeneſt Joke. But there is Judgment even in writing Abſurdities and Incredibilities, otherwiſe inſtead of raiſing the Laugh, they ſink below it, and give the Spleen. Genius and Diſcretion are requiſite to play the fool with Applauſe.

4 *A* Lacedemonian *letter.*] *Demetrius Phalareus* has commended one of theſe Letters, for its ſententious and expreſſive Conciſeneſs, which has been often quoted to illuſtrate this Paſſage. It is very well worth Obſervation. The Direction is longer than the Letter.

The Lacedemonians *to* Philip.

"Dionyſius *is at* Corinth."

At the Time when this was written, *Dionyſius*, who for his Tyranny had been driven out of *Sicily*, taught School at *Corinth*, for Bread. So that it was a Hint to *Philip*, not to proceed, as he had begun, to imitate his Conduct, leſt he ſhould be reduced to the ſame neceſſitous Condition.

5 *Shakeſpear* has made *Richard* III. ſpeak a merry Diaſyrm upon himſelf;

I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſhed, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world; ſcarce half made up,
And that, ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.

SECT. XXXIX.

1 *The fifth and laſt ſource*, &c.] The Author, in the fifth Diviſion, treats of Compoſition, or ſuch a Structure of the Words and Periods, as conduces moſt to harmony of Sound. This Subject has been handled, with the utmoſt nicety and refinement, by the ancient Writers, particularly *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* and *Demetrius Phalareus*. The former, in his Treatiſe on the Structure of Words, has recounted the different ſorts of Stile, has divided each into the Periods of which it is compoſed, has again ſubdivided thoſe Periods into their different Members, thoſe Members into their Words, thoſe Words into Syllables, and has even anatomized the very Syllables into Letters, and made Obſervations on the different natures and ſounds of the Vowels, Half-vowels, and Mutes. He ſhews, by Inſtances drawn from *Homer*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, &c. with what artful Management, thoſe great Authors have ſweetened and enobled their Compoſitions, and made their Sound to echo to the Senſe. But a Stile, he ſays, may be ſweet without any Grandeur, and may be grand

grand without any Sweetneſs. *Thucydides* is an Example of the latter, and *Xenophon* of the former; but *Herodotus* has ſucceeded in both, and written his Hiſtory in the higheſt Perfection of Stile.

An *Engliſh* Reader would be ſurprized to ſee, with what Exactneſs they lay down Rules for the Feet, Times, and Meaſures of Proſe as well as of Verſe. This was not peculiar to the *Greek* Writers, ſince *Cicero* himſelf in his rhetorical Works, abounds in Rules of this Nature for the *Latin* Tongue. The Works of that great Orator could not have lived and received ſuch general Applauſe, had they not been laboured with the utmoſt Art; and what is really ſurprizing, how careful ſoever his Attention was, to the length of his Syllables, the meaſure of his Feet, and the modulation of his Words, yet it has not damped the Spirit, or ſtiffened the Freedom of his Thoughts. Any one of his Performances, on a general Survey, appears grand and noble; on a cloſer Inſpection, every part ſhews peculiar Symmetry and Grace.

Longinus contents himſelf here with two or three general Obſervations, having written two Volumes already on this Subject. The loſs of theſe, I fancy, will raiſe no great Regret in the Mind of an *Engliſh* Reader, who has little Notion of ſuch Accuracies in Compoſition. The free Language we ſpeak, will not endure ſuch refined Regulations, for fear of Incumbrance and Reſtraint. Harmony indeed it is capable of to a high degree, yet ſuch as flows not from Precept, but the Genius and Judgment of Compoſers. A good Ear is worth a thouſand Rules;

ſince with it, the Periods will be rounded and ſweeten'd, and the Stile exalted, ſo that Judges ſhall commend and teach others to admire; and without it, all Endeavours to gain Attention ſhall be vain and ineffectual, unleſs where the Grandeur of the Senſe will atone for rough and unharmonious Expreſſion.

2 *Fine Notes in muſic*, &c.] In this Paſſage two muſical Inſtruments are mentioned, αὐλὸς and κιθαρὴ; but as what is ſaid of them in the *Greek*, will not ſuit with the modern Notions of a Pipe and an Harp, I hope, I ſhall not be blamed for dropping thoſe Words, and keeping theſe Remarks in a general Application to Muſic.

3 *That harmony which nature*, &c.] *Tanta oblectatio eſt in ipſa facultate dicendi, ut nihil hominum aut auribus aut mentibus jucundius percipi poſſit. Quis enim cantus moderata orationis pronunciatione dulcior inveniri poteſt? quod carmen artificioſa verborum concluſione aptius?* Cicero De oratore, l. ii.

SECT. XL.

1 *As Symmetry in the members*, &c.] So Mr. *Pope*:

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
Is not th'exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a Lip or Cheek we Beauty call,
But the joint Force and full Reſult of all.

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

2 *Philiſtus.*] Commentators differ about this *Philiſtus*. Some affirm it ſhould be *Philiſcus*, who, according to *Dacier*, wrote Comedy, but according to *Tollius*, Tragedy. *Quinctilian* (whom Dr. *Pearce*

Pearce follows) mentions *Philiſtus* a *Syracuſan*, a great Favourite of *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, whoſe Hiſtory he wrote after the manner of *Thucydides*, but with the Sincerity of a Courtier.

3 *Zethus* and *Amphion* tied their Mother-in-law *Dirce* by the Hair of her Head to a wild Bull, which Image *Euripides* has repreſented in this Paſſage. *Langbaine* obſerves, that there is a fine Sculpture on this Subject, by *Tauriſius*, in the Palace of *Farneſe* at *Rome*, of which *Baptiſta de Cavalleriis* has given us a Print in *l.* iii. *p.* 3. *antiq. Statuarum urbis Romæ.*

There is a much greater Image than this in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. vi. 664. with which this Remark of *Longinus* on the ſedate Grandeur and judicious Pauſes will exactly ſquare:

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands———

So again in *B.* ii. *ver.* 557.——when the fallen Spirits are engaged in deep and abſtruſe Reſearches, concerning Fate, Free-will, Foreknowledge, the very Structure of the Words expreſſes the Intricacy of the Diſcourſe; and the Repetition of ſome of the Words, with Epithets of ſlow Pronunciation, ſhews the Difficulty of making Advancements, in ſuch unfathomable Points.

Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt

Fixt Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge abſolute;
And found no end in wandring mazes loſt.

SECT. XLI.

1 *Such as* Pyrrics, *&c.* ——] A *Pyrric* is a Foot of two ſhort Syllables; a *Trochee* of one long and one ſhort; and a *Dichoree* is a double *Trochee*.

SECT. XLIII.

1 *To ſeeth.*] I have choſen this Word rather than *boil*, which is not a blemiſhed Term in our Language: and beſides, *ſeeth* reſembles more the *Greek* Word ζεσάσης in the ill Sound that it has upon the Palate, which is the Fault that *Longinus* finds with the Word in *Herodotus*. *Milton* has ſomething of the like Sort which offends the Ear, when we read in *B.* i.

Azazel, *as his right*, &c.

2 *Theopompus*] He was a *Chian* and a Scholar of *Iſocrates*. His Genius was too hot and impetuous, which was the occaſion of a Remark of his Maſter *Iſocrates*, that Ephorus *always wanted a Spur, but* Theopompus *a Curb*.

3 *Quæ partes autem corporis, ad naturæ neceſſitatem datæ, adſpectum eſſent deformem habituræ ac turpem, eas contexit atque abdidit.* Cicero De offic. p. 61, 62. *Ed. Cockman.*

SECT. XLIV.

1 *We were born in Subjection*, &c.—] The Words in the Original παιδομαθεῖς δυλείας δικαίας are differently interpreted, by Perſons of great Learning and Sagacity. Mad. *Dacier* has taken Occaſion to mention them in her Notes upon *Terence*. Her Words are theſe: *In the laſt Chapter of* Longinus, παιδομαθεῖς δυλείας

δυλείας δικαίας, *ſignifies not, we are from our Infancy uſed to a lawful Government, but to an eaſy Government, chargeable with neither Tyranny nor Violence,* Dr. *Pearce* is of a quite contrary Opinion. *The Word* δικαία (ſays he) *does not ſignify mild or eaſy, as ſome think, but juſt and lawful Vaſſalage, when Kings and Rulers are poſſeſſed of a full Power and Authority over their Subjects: and we find* Iſocrates *uſes* ἀρχὴ δικαία (*a deſpotical Government*) *in this Senſe.* The Doctor then gives his Opinion, that *Longinus added this Word, as well as ſome which follow, that his Affection to the* Roman *Emperor might not be ſuſpected.*

I have choſen to tranſlate theſe Words in the latter Senſe, which (with Submiſſion to the Judgment of ſo learned a Lady) ſeems preferable to, and more natural than that, which Madam *Dacier* has given it. The Critic (in the Perſon of the Philoſopher, who ſpeaks here) is accounting for the Scarcity of ſublime Writers; and avers Democracy to be the Nurſe of Genius, and the greateſt Encourager of Sublimity. The Fact is evident from the Republics of *Greece* and *Rome.* In *Greece*, *Athens* was moſt democratical, and a State of the greateſt Liberty. And hence it was, that, according to the Obſervation of *Paterculus* (*l.* i. near the End) *Eloquence flouriſhed in greater Force and Plenty in that City alone, than in all* Greece *beſides: inſomuch that* (ſays he) *tho' the Bodies of the People were diſperſed into other Cities, yet you would think their Genius to have been pent up within the bare Precincts of* Athens. *Pindar* the *Theban*, as he afterwards owns, is the only Exception to this Remark. So the City of

Rome